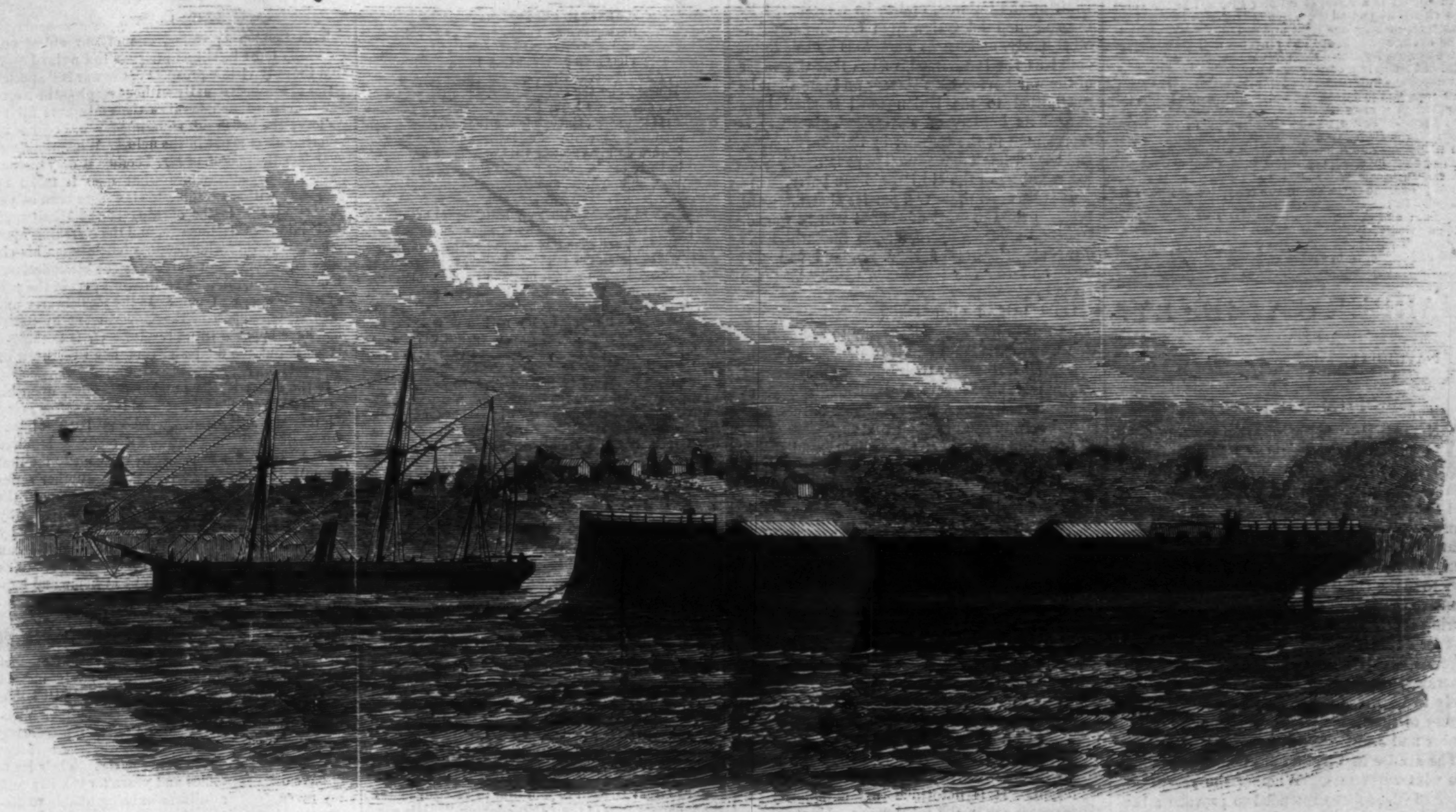
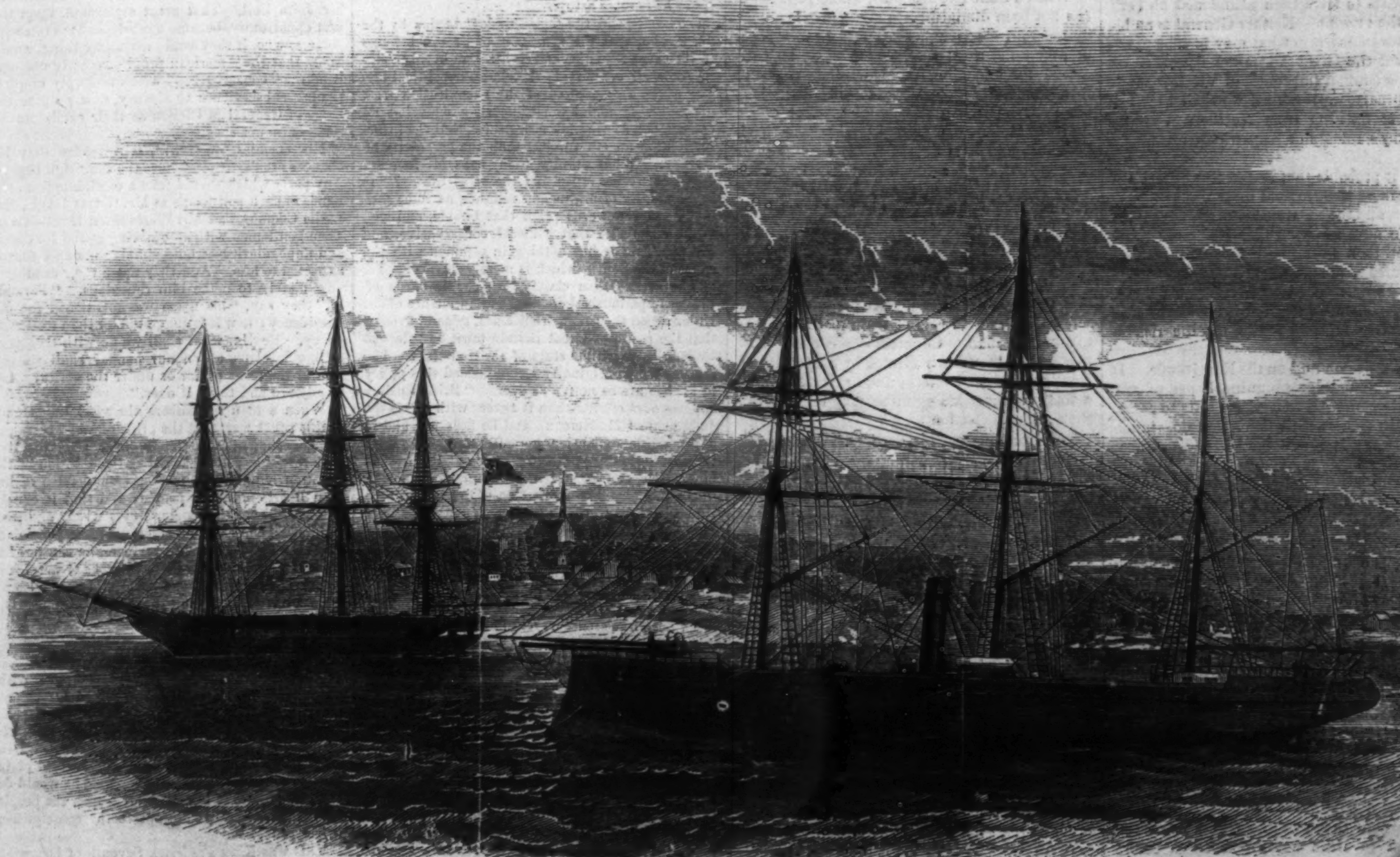
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. VII.—No. 364.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



THE LAIRD RAM "EL MONASSIR," SEIZED BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.—[See next Page.]



THE LAIRD RAM "EL TOUSSON," SEIZED BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.—[See next Page.]

THE REBEL RAMS AT LIVERPOOL.

ON page 801 we publish illustrations of the rams built by Laird, of Liverpool, for the rebels, and seized by the British Government. The pictures show the rams as they are at present, each guarded by a ship of war. They are named *El Tousson* and *El Monassir*. The following account of them will be found interesting:

El Tousson wants but little to fit her for receiving her equipment, while *El Monassir* is in a comparatively backward state. The two rams are not unshapely in their hulls, but seem as well designed for swiftness as for strength. The length of each is 230 feet, the beam 42 feet, and the extreme depth less than 20 feet. The burden is but 1500 tons register, and the draught of each vessel, when loaded will be some fifteen feet, the deck being about 6 feet above the water-line, all the intermediate surface being protected—first, by a coating of teak over the iron skin of the ship, and then by armor-plates over that, each massive scale being 5½ inches thick. All this armor is dove-tailed together so accurately that the joints are scarcely perceptible. The deck is of 5-inch teak, covered with iron, and the bulwarks are also of iron, being so made as to let down outward, and thus to clear the decks during action. Two revolving cylindrical turrets, on the principles invented by Captain Coles, are apportioned to each ship, one turret being before and the other abaft her engine-room. There is also a pilot-house, strongly built of teak, and iron-plated. Each turret carries two guns, placed in close proximity, so that they can be brought to bear nearly in the same position at one time. The wall of the turret is a series of cellular spaces, like the chine of a shell-fish, and all these iron cells are to be filled up with teak, making one solid and uniform mass, which is to be again strengthened and rendered well-nigh impregnable by armor-plates. Each ship is furnished with a powerful and sharp iron prow or beak protruding from the bow, but under the water-line, to enable the vessel to butt upon, penetrate, and so damage an antagonist, somewhat in the way, but in a more effectual style, than the Confederate ram *Virginia* destroyed the *Cumberland* in the James River. It is from this feature in their construction that the name of "rams" has been given to the vessels. At each end of the vessel is a raised deck, forming tolerably commodious quarters for officers and men; and the forecastle is made to carry one or two heavy guns, if they be needed. In the captain's cabin are port-holes for two 32-pounders; and each ram has capacity for 390 tons of coal. The machinery, as a matter of course, is all below the water-line. Their sterns will be so formed as to protect the screw and rudder from shot or collision.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1863.

THE ARMIES.

ANOTHER period of inaction appears to be upon us. The battle of Chattanooga secured Grant's position at that point, enabled him to obtain supplies freely and abundantly, and to accumulate them there for a fresh advance into Georgia. But some time must necessarily elapse before that advance can be commenced. Soldiers say that it will take sixty days to make Chattanooga a proper base for an offensive movement against Rome and Atlanta. During all this time, therefore, it will be safe to look for dullness in the army of the Cumberland—guerrilla skirmishes, the destruction of supply-trains, captures of bushwhackers, etc., are likely to be the most prominent events in the history of that army during the months of December and January.

The armies in Virginia are notoriously going into winter-quarters. Whether the recent advance of Meade was intended to provoke a battle with Lee, or merely to prevent the rebel army in Virginia being weakened by the dispatch of reinforcements to Longstreet or Hardee, certain it is that all thought of active operations appears to have been abandoned on both sides for the present. Neither General is ambitious of advancing into what may now be properly termed the Great Virginian desert, or of leaving his cannon imbedded in Virginia mud. Until February, we presume, we shall hear nothing more exciting from Northern Virginia than Mosby's raids and Kilpatrick's reconnoissances.

Nor is it probable that Burnside will attempt any thing more than to hold his position in East Tennessee, and the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad. To advance on Abingdon by the route Longstreet took in retreating will be a very proper course to pursue when Grant and Meade are ready to move from their respective bases. As an independent operation it could yield no fruits that would compensate for the risk it would involve.

So at Charleston and on the Rio Grande. It is not well to indulge sanguine hopes of any striking news from there for some time to come. It is difficult to see what Gilmore can do—in addition to what he has done already—without large reinforcements. Banks seems to have completed his work for the present by the capture of Brownsville, and the occupation of the line of the Rio Grande.

On the whole, the prospect of a couple of months of comparative dullness may be considered fair. In February next our several armies, swelled by a conscription of 300,000 fresh men, will be in a condition to move simultaneously and vigorously on the various points in the rebel States which they now menace. Grant from Chattanooga, Gilmore from Morris Island, Meade from Manassas, Burnside from Knoxville, and perhaps Butler from Norfolk, will advance with the prestige of past victory and present strength. They ought to be successful. The bulk of their armies will be veteran. They will be superior to the enemy in numbers, equipment, arms, and morale. They will be under Generals whom they and the nation can trust. They ought to crush out the rebellion before Congress adjourns.

RECONSTRUCTION.

THE great question for the present Congress to solve is the problem of Reconstruction. Parties are already shaping themselves for it, and the indications are that, if the rebellion continues to wane as it has done latterly, the Presidential contest of 1864 will turn on that issue. Several of the States which are included in the proclamation as States in insurrection are prepared with Congressional delegations, and the question is—shall those delegations be admitted to the floor as fair and proper exponents of the views of the constituencies which they purport to represent?

On this momentous issue parties are divided, as in the old times, on the slavery question. One party, comprising the remnant of the old hard-shell Democrats of this State—and including, it would seem, among its leaders, ex-General M'Clellan—demands that the people of the Southern States shall be free to claim representation in Congress at any time they please without regard to the social institutions which they favor for their respective States. This party is understood to be patronized by Mr. Montgomery Blair of the Cabinet, and to be represented by the so-called delegation from Louisiana. Another party, at least as numerous and as influential as the last-named, insists that the cause of the war having been slavery no State shall be readmitted to the Union until it shall have purged its borders of slavery. This party is represented in the Cabinet by Secretary Chase, and has for its Congressional exponents the leading members of the old Republican party.

It is between these two parties that the great battle of the Congress of 1863-4 will be waged. It needs no sagacity to foresee that while the ultra-abolitionists of New England will side with the latter the peace men will espouse the cause of the former.

On behalf of plain common sense there is one point to be made. It is due to the country that Congress should admit to its floor no sham delegations, whatever their opinions may be. If an individual, or several individuals, present themselves as representatives of this or that constituency, and can not show that they were elected by a fair majority of the ordinary and legitimate members of that constituency, it is clear that they ought not to be admitted. Men are ready to claim admission as members from States in insurrection, and their claim is chiefly based on their hostility to slavery. Now that hostility is, in our view, a very proper sentiment. But it does not constitute a warrant for a seat in Congress. On the other hand, some semi-rebels in Louisiana appear to be anxious to save some of their property from the wreck by sending certain persons to Washington as members of Congress, having previously sent their sons to the rebel army and their best speakers to Richmond as members of the rebel Congress. It is not pretended that these persons received a fair majority of the suffrages of the legally constituted voters in the constituencies which they claim to represent. It is notorious that a majority of these voters are in the rebel army. Under these circumstances Congress would seem to have a very simple duty to perform in excluding these pseudo-representatives.

When a State like Missouri, whose population has not been diminished to any material extent by the war, elects representatives by the usual or nearly the usual vote, there can be no good reason for excluding them, whether they are Abolitionists or Copperheads. Their opinions are their affair, not the nation's. But where individuals claim to represent Louisiana or North Carolina, and it is demonstrable that at their election not above a tithe of the legally constituted voters deposited their suffrages, it would be a fraud to admit them to Congress as legally elected members.

There is no reason to be in a hurry to solve the problem of reconstruction. It will be time enough to do that when the rebel armies of Lee and Bragg are scattered. At present the only safe rule is the old rule of truth and honesty—to admit no man to Congress who can not show that he has been fairly elected by a majority of legally-constituted voters; and to refuse no man a seat, whatever his opinions may be, who can show such an election.

THE LOUNGER.

THE TERROR AT THE SOUTH.

THE following letter comes to the Lounger from an officer of one of the New York regiments in the Army of the Gulf. The revelation of the suffering of faithful American citizens under the fierce terrorism of the rebellion is startling. The rebel General Orders which our correspondent incloses, and which follow his letter, were found upon an officer of the rebel General Mouton's brigade, captured by a detachment of Major-General Washburn's division, near St Martinsville, south of the Red River. They show how desperate is the resistance made by Southern men against the "Confederate Government," and how earnest their hate of the "liberty and independence" proffered them by a slaveholding oligarchy:

CAMP AT VERMILION BAYOU, LOUISIANA, *November*, 1863.

To the Lounger:

The circular which I inclose will tell you its own story, and will be allowed, I hope, to appeal through you to the sympathies and faith of a hundred thousand loyal men and women. Were there no other evidence existing of loyalty in rebellious Louisiana—of true, tried, unswerving loyalty, which lives and has its being, even though hunted, persecuted, and massacred by such incarnations of traitorous hate and cruelty as Sterling Price, Richard Taylor, and Alfred Mouton—this circular would nevertheless triumphantly prove the fact.

Are there, Mr. Lounger, among the worthy people whom you visit weekly, some who have never felt the burdens of the war, save as the tax-gatherer has knocked more loudly at their doors, and who have never felt the bitter afflictions of the war, save as they have mourned the decline of gold, and yet who have complained loudly of its hardships? Are there haply those whose faith that the old Union ship *must* yet outride the storm has wavered, and whose hearts have grown apathetic, even beneath the peaceful shelter of the Old Flag? If such there be, let me ask them to read and learn how the Wittingtons, the Ozimes, the Carrieres, the Huddlestons, of Louisiana, have been made the victims of a relentless and cold-blooded persecution: hunted through the swamps and brakes of their State; proscribed, outlawed, murdered in secret, because—and I would that it might be blazoned in characters of fire before Copperhead eyes—*because they could not lift the traitor's hand against their beloved country!* Honor, thrice honor, to these gallant spirits! The soul of all the Army of the Gulf cries out to them in sympathy and encouragement.

This circular has probably been prepared for distribution to the people of the State, and has, undoubtedly, the authority of our Generals in this Department.

Yours in loyalty.

GENERAL ORDERS.—No. —

HEAD-QUARTERS, FORCES SOUTH OF RED RIVER,
VERMILIONVILLE, *June* 12, 1863.

Information has been received that there are bands of outlaws, deserters, conscripts, and stragglers from a point above Hineston, on the Calcasieu River, in the parish of Rapides, down to the lower parishes, extending into the parishes of Calcasieu, through to the Bayou Teche, which are committing depredations, robberies, and incendiarism, and who are openly violating the Confederate laws, with arms in their hands. Such men can only be considered as outlaws, highwaymen, and traitors.

In consequence:

I. You will proceed with your battalion up to the Calcasieu River, and in the vicinity of Hineston, in the parish of Rapides, and from that point scour the whole country to the outer limit of Calcasieu Parish, if necessary, to the Bayou Teche, in search of these outlaws, highwaymen, and traitors. These bands, beyond the pale of society, must be exterminated, especially the leaders; and every man found with arms for the purpose of resisting the operations of the Confederate laws, or against whom satisfactory evidence may be given, must be executed on the spot.

No prisoners should be taken. Such as are not sufficiently guilty to deserve immediate execution must be liberated, and, if conscripts, ordered to report forthwith. Men by the name of Wittington, Elliot, Ozime, Carriere, Huddleston, have been designated as some of the ringleaders.

By order of Brigadier-General ALFRED MOUTON:
LOUIS BUSH, Assistant Adjutant-General.

To Major G. A. FOURNET, commanding Yellow Jacket Battalion.

These instructions are to be kept secret, and no one is allowed to know the objects of your movements except yourself.

True copy:
LOUIS BUSH, Assistant Adjutant-General.
Lieutenant G. J. DEBLANC, Acting Adjutant.

AN ANTI-IMPERIAL VIEW IN FRANCE.

A LATE number of the *Correspondant*, a monthly Parisian review, contains an article upon French Policy in America by Henry Moreau, which is interesting and valuable as an anti-Imperial view of the subject. There is no longer any doubt of the deep hostility of the Emperor to the United States. There is no question that he has constantly besought Great Britain to join him in recognition of the independence of the "Confederacy." His conquest of Mexico proceeded upon the expectation of the ruin of this Government and country. Whatever else he may be he is no friend of ours; and he is a more dangerous enemy than Great Britain because he is more astute.

The article in the *Correspondant* begins by the proposition that the sympathy of France belongs to the cause of justice and civilization in this country as in all others. It sketches our political history since the adoption of the Constitution with great fidelity and knowledge, showing, what no one competent to speak now denies, that the insurrection has no other object than the perpetuity of slavery. What affinity then, asks M. Moreau, exists between France and the rebel States? Is it community of origin and religion, as some pretend? A few words prick that bubble, and lead to the conclusion that "liberal, conservative, and Catholic France has nothing in common with the cause of the South, which is merely slavery."

The article then claims that the interests of France imperiously demand the maintenance of the Union upon the great, traditional, general ground that the power of Great Britain must be balanced by another maritime state of the first class. The reasons which originally recommended this policy to France are as active as ever. "British policy opposes ours oftener than it agrees with it," is the judgment of M. Moreau; and he does not find in our possible expansion hereafter any danger so threatening as that flowing from our destruction now. His article, which we cordially commend to the thoughtful consideration of the reader, concludes in these words:

"Does it therefore follow [from the recent successes of the Government] that the end of the civil war is as near as we should wish? We do not venture to affirm it. The able Generals of the South may yet maintain themselves upon the defensive for a long time, and even signally check their adversaries. But such victories, dearly bought, weaken a victor whose armies are recruited with difficulty. If the Federal Government continues to compress the Confederates within an ever narrower circle, the Southern population, weary of a ruinous and resultless war, will force peace upon leaders who have deceived them. In a future article we shall consider whether France has hastened or hindered this result."

WORDS AND THINGS.

IN a little speech at Gettysburg Mr. Seward speaks of the rebels as our "misguided brethren." It is true in a certain sense that all sinners are our brothers. Manning, Benedict Arnold, Hunt who murdered his wife and two children in a London cab a few weeks since, are all in a certain sense misguided. But is it not very superfluous to use those words as if they covered the case? The rebels at the South know exactly what they are fighting for, what they mean to accomplish if they can. They are sagacious and desperate; and while Mr. Seward does well in reminding us that there are many who are deluded, and while we know, as the letter from Louisiana which we publish elsewhere in these columns shows, that there are hundreds of brave hearts still beating faithful to the country, yet it is no less undeniable that any policy in treating the rebels founded upon the theory that they are to be conciliated would be as futile as for the Parliament of England to have regarded Laud, Strafford, and the King as misguided brothers.

In fact this country could not be engaged in a war in which its enemies would hate it so heartily as the rebels. They are stout, resolute, irreconcilable. They are men to conquer or to be conquered. They have shown their pluck, their skill, their endurance. Now fine words butter no parsnips. Open enemies must not be treated as friends in disguise. They are not to be cozened, they are to be conquered. If we clearly understand that, we are as safe in victory as in battle. If we deceive ourselves, we shall lose the victory even if we win the battle.

RESULTS.

THE London *Spectator*, one of our ablest and generally most intelligent friends in England, says that the only visible prospect of the war is "another series of conflicts equally without result—the North not suffering much because the emigrants fill up its loss; the South not suffering much, because its laboring class is not in the field." When the *Spectator* sees the speech of Mr. Toombs it may change its opinion. Meanwhile what does it mean by "equally without result?" Has there been as yet no "result?" Is the opening of the Mississippi, the holding of Chattanooga, and the marching upon a foe in Virginia who declines battle upon his old fields of victory, no result? Is the clear declaration of emancipation as an integral part of the policy of the war, no result? Is the most hearty and unanimous support of the Government by States that have opposed it, no result? Or is nothing a "result" but the final and complete overthrow of the Rebellion?

If the editor of the London *Spectator*, upon his way home from his office should meet, after going a hundred yards, a friend who said "Tut! tut! still walking home, and only made a hundred yards? Why, my dear editor, it seems to me that the only visible prospect for you is another series of steps, equally without result," what would the learned editor say? Certainly in his airiest way he would answer: "My good fellow, it is only by a series of steps that I get on at all; and if I can make every hundred yards with the same result as the last hundred, I shall soon be at home and happy to see you."

A MELANCHOLY EVENT.

THE gentlemen who call themselves a Conservative Union Committee, and who lately met in Cincinnati to consider whether General M'Clellan should be their candidate for President or Vice-Presider[illegible] are remarkable for never representing any publ[illegible] movement whatever. They are the r[illegible] old Whig party. Their leaders have o[illegible] office and yearn for it still; and they reven[illegible] dullness in being unable to discern the si[illegible] the times by desperate hate of those who a[illegible] wiser. They are the gentlemen who nominat[illegible] Mr. Fillmore in 1856, and in 1860, professing a peculiar and exclusive veneration for the Union and the Constitution, they nominated Mr. John Bell. That great statesman, upon the first opportunity, became a rebel; and his late supporters, who, if they could learn any thing, would know that the American people perfectly comprehend the "conservatism" which is simply unquestioning subservience to slavery, now propose the name of General M'Clellan as their candidate for some office not specified.

His enemies, of course, will rejoice that his chances are destroyed before the campaign begins. Any party which should take a candidate from the hands of such politicians as Mr. Garret Davis, Mr. Leslie Coombs, and Mr. Washington Hunt—all of them gentlemen with an unerring genius for defeat and unpopularity—would simply announce that it expected to lose. And they touch their candidate now merely to make him ridiculous. "Formerly," they say, "his name was mentioned for the Presidency; now it is suggested for the Vice-Presidency. Really, what shall we do with this most estimable elephant on our hands? shall we put him in the front parlor or under the stairs? Let us adjourn and think it over."

When a man remembers the vital importance of this great war, that the principles of wise popular government, and the interests of civilization themselves, are at stake; that the solution of the question requires the most profound faith in human liberty and the people; and that it can be reached only as the people resolve wisely and justly, and then sees the feeblest of hack politicians offering to be leaders and saviours, he can not but wonder at the singular ill-fortune of a General once so universally trusted and honored, but who is now a hundred fold more unfortunate in his friends than in his enemies.

EUROPE AT HOME.

A KING has just died in Europe who never wished to be king. He heartily disliked his throne, and was always willing to abdicate. His political principles were republican; and within the last few weeks, when the independence of Denmark has been threatened by Russia, he said plainly that if he were pushed to the wall he would declare a republic in Denmark, call upon the people, lead them, and leave Europe to the consequences it had provoked.

This was King Frederick Seventh of Denmark. He had two royal wives, from each of which he

was separated, and married, at last, Louise Rasmussen, a pretty ballet-dancer, who proved to be his most devoted and, as he insisted, most valuable friend. Once, when he was coldly received in the Southern Danish provinces, he said at a banquet that, although he was a king, he did not mean to lose his privilege as a man to marry the woman he loved best. Such frankness seldom hurts a king, and he is thought to have been the best monarch that Denmark has had for a hundred years.

His death complicates European politics. It makes the settlement of the Schleswig-Holstein question necessary. The name will be recognized by all who remember the war of a dozen years ago, which settled nothing; for it is precisely the same disputed point which is now raised, whether Germany or Denmark shall govern the Duchy. The question is one of those which Louis Napoleon's Congress might determine, if his Congress could ever meet, or agree, or enforce its agreements. In any case it is another European trouble. We may relieve ourselves from all fear of foreign interference. The European Powers will have their hands full at home. Our struggle will be decided by American hands and heads upon American soil; and the peace which Europe has not reached, after centuries of war, because it always avoids a truly radical settlement, we shall establish upon immutable foundations.

LITERARY.

Anthony Trollope is now the most popular of English novelists after Dickens, Thackeray, and Bulwer, although doubtless he has much less ability than either. His works are the result of sturdy British resolution and industry; and the secret of their charm is that of the camera obscura—they are faithful pictures of the life around him. Average human character in its various aspects of love-making, ambitious striving, intrigue, well-meaning weakness, knavery, thriftiness, amiability, and good sense, is the material upon which he works. There are no high lights of imagination and passion in his pictures. There is nothing inspiring and haunting in his effects. He is a careful observer, an unexaggerating delineator; and he has such humor and sense and good heart that every thing he writes is graphic, entertaining, and interesting. His last story, "Rachel Ray" (Harpers), is not below the best he has written. In fact it is among the very best of recent novels.

The very opposite to Mr. Trollope is Miss Braddon, whose latest novel, "John Marchmont's Legacy," is also issued by the Harpers. Miss Braddon has always a story to tell involving passion, crime, and intrigue. In this novel she lets her readers off without a case of bigamy or even murder, though there is enough of villainy of other sorts to make up the plot of a good half dozen thrilling sensation stories. Tastes differ in respect to novels as well as other things. Miss Braddon's novels are not to our taste; but they are to that of an immense class of readers, who will pronounce "John Marchmont's Legacy" quite equal to "Aurora Floyd."

"Peculiar" is the title of a novel by Epes Sargent (Carleton). Its sale is already very large—a fact which shows the interest it has excited. The story is emphatically a characteristic tale of American life; for it lays bare with unsparing hand all the interior and inevitable social horrors of the system which has plunged the country into war. That is the object of the book. It is a blow for the good cause—a noble plea for the most wretched of men and women. As a tale it is in some parts almost too painful, too tragical. But it will remain to the incredulous horror of our children, as a picture of actual life in America in the nineteenth century.

The Christmas books, if not very many, are to be very beautiful. The Harpers announce their Illustrated Bible, a noble gift; the "Poets of the Nineteenth Century," copiously and richly illustrated, and a delightful book; with Lossing's "Field-Book of the Revolution," one of the most interesting chronicles ever published.——Putnam offers an illustrated small quarto of Irving's "Sketch Book." It is as fine a volume as our publishing resources can produce, and the best of our artists have contributed to it. The book itself is always as charming as a Christmas carol, and brings the holidays with it; and although the copies of this issue have been rapidly taken, the haunters of Christmas shops and all epicures in books should at least look at it.——So likewise Ticknor's "Life of Prescott" the historian (Ticknor & Fields) is as dainty a book as we have ever seen. It is in every way a very handsome work, except that the old English small s is a barbarism.——Scribner & Co. have a new edition of Dr. Holland's poem "Bitter-Sweet," arranged in gorgeous holiday attire. Its typographical apotheosis is a proof of its popularity.——Sheldon & Company's beautiful edition of the Works of Charles Dickens is, we believe, nearly completed. The latest volumes contain "Hard Times" and a collection of miscellaneous papers. In every respect this is by far the most beautiful edition of Dickens published either in America or England. The admirable illustrations by Darley are not among the least of its attractions.

Among all the beautiful books, old and new, which appear with the season, there is also promise of the speedy publication, by Lippincott of Philadelphia, of the "History of Charles the Bold," by John Foster Kirk, the amanuensis and reader of the historian Prescott. We have carefully read a large part of the work in sheets, and feel very sure that our impression will be confirmed by the public. The subject is fortunate for a writer who makes his first essay at this time and in this country, for it is the story of the struggle between the King of France, Louis XI., and his great Burgundian vassal, for the establishment of the French nation. It is the conflict between Feudalism and the modern spirit. Mr. Kirk is obviously amply accomplished for his task. He is familiar not only with the chronicles, published and unpublished, of the period, but with the general literature which throws upon his work all the side-lights that illustrate and interpret the times of which he writes. His style is remarkably simple, pure, and concise. Entirely free from rhetoric, and, for a time, apparently too subdued and level, it rises with occasion into picturesqueness and warmth. It is flowing and limpid, and we own is more pleasing to us than that of Prescott, which if clear, and polished, and careful, is neither nervous nor picturesque.

Mr. Kirk's work is quite sure to take rank with our best histories, and to secure to him, in public recognition, the worthy reward of his long and faithful labor.

We must mention in a line the republication by Leypoldt, of Philadelphia (who publishes Mr. Leland's marvelous translation of Heine's "Reise-Bilder," and more recently his "Book of Songs"), of Matthew Arnold's masterly essay upon Henry Heine, one of the acutest and most delicate criticisms of the time.

"Mr. Wind and Madame Rain," translated from the French of Paul de Musset, and quaintly illustrated by that clever artist Charles Bennett, is one of the most thoroughly delightful juveniles of the season. It has just that amount of half allegorizing, the unraveling of which affords such special pleasure to the rising generation. (Harpers.)

"The Life of Touissaint L'Ouverture" (Redpath) is the biography of a man whose name has been vaguely known through the century, whom Miss Martineau depicted in "The Hour and the Man," and whom Mr. Phillips's historical lecture has drawn in imperishable colors upon the memory of all his hearers. This is Touissaint's biography by Dr. Beard, and his autobiography. At this time it is of the profoundest interest to us all, for Touissaint was born a black African slave, and he died the victim of the jealousy and falsity of Napoleon Bonaparte, after having drawn order and peace out of "the horrors of St. Domingo." Whoever would know exactly what those horrors were must read this book; and he will learn, as no well-informed student longer doubts, that they sprang from the baseness and selfishness of the whites, and not from the savage blood-thirstiness of the blacks. A more instructive and tragical tale was never told. We commend it to every thoughtful American citizen.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

Washington gossip hints at the removal of General Meade, and points to the appointment in his place of General Sedgwick.

Lieutenant Bauer, of Company F, of the Second Rhode Island Cavalry, and Sergeant Fischer, of the same company and regiment, have been sentenced, the former to hard labor on Ship Island, with ball and chain, and the latter to imprisonment for six months, for plundering from a planter while out on a scouting expedition.

Admiral Shubrick's restoration to health progresses favorably. He is now permitted to receive the visits of a few friends.

Captain Jerome B. Taft, formerly of the Fifty-ninth New York Volunteers, was drowned on the 2d inst., while skating on the Pecatonica River, Illinois, before the ice had acquired the proper consistency.

It is stated that General Grant has captured, since his campaign in the West commenced, no less than four hundred and seventy-two cannon and ninety thousand prisoners from the enemy.

Colonel Tippin, of the Sixty-sixth Pennsylvania, Captain O'Rourke, of the One Hundred and Sixty-fourth New York, and Lieutenant J. D. Cooper, Second New Hampshire, having satisfactorily defended themselves at the court of inquiry, have been restored to their positions in the army.

Captain Jas. G. Hughes, Second New York State Militia (Eighty-second United States Volunteers), who was discharged the service about the 22d day of August, 1863, was reinstated to his command, by order of the President, at the instance of Judge-Advocate Holt, on the fourth of the present month, on account of meritorious services in the field; and, further, as the record of the court-martial, before which Captain Hughes was arraigned and found guilty, did not sustain their verdict.

The statement that General Forey or the French Minister was furnished by the State Department with General Scott's military maps of Mexico, or other information preparatory to the French invasion of that country, is erroneous. Neither General Forey, nor the French Minister, nor any other person ever asked for or received any such information.

Brigadier-General William H. Morris, whose brilliant charge on the enemy at Orange Grove has been reported, manœuvred his brigade according to his simplified "Field Tactics." The celerity of this brigade's movements completely "surprised" the rebels.

Captain R. Chandler, formerly of General King's Staff, has been appointed Assistant Adjutant-General at the head-quarters of the defenses north of the Potomac.

Captain Perkins, First Connecticut Heavy Artillery, has been appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the Nineteenth Regiment colored troops.

A correspondent with the Army of the Potomac states that General Thomas Francis Meagher was captured during the late engagement, and is now in the hands of the enemy. He was not on duty, but was visiting the army in civilian's dress.

The rebel General Pillow, with his Staff, has left for Montgomery, Alabama, whither he has transferred the head-quarters of his bureau. Being cut off from Tennessee, he removed to Montgomery to be nearer his field of operations.

Soon after Colonel Thomas had assumed the duties of Quarter-master-General, in the absence of General Meigs, it was reported that enormous frauds had been perpetrated in the delivery of forage through Quarter-masters at Alexandria. The investigation, which was immediately instituted, discovered that immense frauds had been practiced upon the Government through the connivance of contractors and Quarter-masters, amounting to several hundred thousand dollars. Quarter-masters Stoddard and Ferguson have been sent to the Old Capitol Prison.

The Secretary of the Navy has promoted Ensign Burke, of the monitor *Lehigh*, to the grade of Acting Master in the volunteer service, for distinguished gallantry under a severe fire of the enemy from Fort Moultrie.

Major-General Butler has appointed Major George W. Cole, Third New York cavalry, Cavalry Inspector in his Department.

General Blunt, whom Quantrell had killed (in the rebel papers) several times during the month of October, was safe and sound at Fort Smith, Ark., on the 2d of December.

The rebel Lieutenant-General Polk and Staff were in Montgomery, November 15, on their way to their new field of duty in Mississippi.

Major Byington, of the Second Michigan, has been heard from. His wounded leg has been amputated, and he is doing well. The most singular part of his capture is that he fell into the hands of a brother in the rebel ranks.

Rumors, generally credited, but unconfirmed, are in circulation that General Pleasanton has been appointed to the command of the Army of the Potomac.

It is reported that Generals Sedgwick and Warren were previously tendered the command, but that they declined to accept the appointment.

The following Surgeons in the volunteer service have been appointed: Robert Fletcher, Lincoln R. Stone, A. C. Van Duyn, William C. Bennett, E. P. Morong, Otis M. Humphrey, and James H. Thompson.

For good service in piloting the expedition in the attack and capture of the south side of Morris Island, the Secretary of the Navy has promoted Acting Ensign William Knapp to the grade of Acting Master in the volunteer service.

A pamphlet containing charges and specifications preferred against Brigadier-General A. A. Humphreys, formerly commanding Third Division, Fifth Corps, Army of the Potomac, and now Chief of Staff to General Meade, by Jacob G. Frick, Colonel of the One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers, has been distributed among the members of the Senate. The charges were made April 14, 1863, and are, "uttering disloyal and treasonable sentiments," "violation of fifth Article of War," "conduct subversive of good order and military discipline, and tending to mutiny and sedition," "tyrannical conduct, and conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman," and "drunkenness." It is alleged that these charges were at the time suppressed, and that copies were subsequently forwarded to the President, General Halleck, and Colonel Holt, Judge-Advocate-General. The object now is to provoke inquiry.

As a specimen of the charges we give the specification of the first charge:

In this—that he, Brigadier-General A. A. Humphreys, commanding, etc., did say, "By G—d! I wish some one would ask the army to follow him (meaning Major-General M'Clellan) to Washington, and hurl the whole d—d pack into the Potomac, and place General M'Clellan at the head of affairs. I believe the army would willingly go." This at camp near Warrenton, on or about the 10th day of November, A.D. 1862.

General Doubleday has been appointed a member of a court-martial to try the cases of civilians accused of certain crimes.

Dr. Swalm, Medical Inspector of the Sanitary Commission, left Washington last week for Harper's Ferry, Cumberland, and other points, to ascertain the wants of the hospitals in that quarter, in connection with the commission.

Captain Rutherford has been appointed Chief Quartermaster of the dépôt at Alexandria, vice Captain Ferguson recently arrested.

Captain Whytal has been appointed Assistant Quartermaster, and assigned to duty at the head-quarters of the Department of Washington.

Steps are to be taken by Congress at an early date for mustering out of service a large number of major and brigadier generals. It is estimated that about forty will be thus weeded out from the army.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, December 7, the Thirty-eighth Congress of the United States met at the Capitol, in the city of Washington. Both branches of the national legislature were duly organized—the Senate under the Presidency of Vice-President Hamlin, and the House under the Hon. Schuyler Colfax. The Rev. Mr. Sunderland, Chaplain of the Senate, opened the proceedings with appropriate prayers. Senator Davis, of Kentucky, raised a question as to the right of the Senators from West Virginia to take their seats. The case of Senator Wilson, of Missouri, was also brought up, but was not voted upon. A bill to increase the pay of soldiers was announced by Senator Lane, after which the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Clerk read the roll of members from all the States, excepting Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Oregon, Missouri, and Kansas. Some discussion arose on this question. The nomination for Speaker next took place, when Mr. Schuyler Colfax, republican, was elected. The Speaker elect delivered a brief but emphatic address. The oaths necessary were then administered, and the House adjourned.

On Tuesday, December 8, in the Senate, Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, submitted a resolution to inquire what further legislation is necessary to facilitate the payment of back pay and pensions to deceased soldiers. He also gave notice of a bill to increase the bounty of soldiers. Senator Clark introduced a bill to grant a pension to John Burns, the heroic citizen of Gettysburg. A resolution was introduced by Senator Davis, of Kentucky, declaring, in effect, that the refusal of the rebels to exchange colored soldiers and their white officers should not prevent the exchange of our other officers and soldiers on just terms. The resolution was laid over. A discussion occurred upon the right of Mr. Wilson, of Missouri, to hold his seat, his successor having been chosen by the State Legislature. A resolution was finally passed declaring him not entitled to the seat. The Senate shortly afterward adjourned.——The House perfected its organization by the election of Mr. M'Pherson, of Pennsylvania, as Clerk, the vote standing 101 for M'Pherson to 69 for Etheridge, late Clerk. N. G. Ordway, of New Hampshire, was elected Sergeant-at-Arms by a vote of 100, to 45 for Adam Glossbrenner, of Pennsylvania. Ira Goodenow was re-elected Door-keeper, and W. S. King, of Minnesota, the former incumbent, Postmaster. A joint resolution was offered by Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, presenting the thanks of Congress to General Grant and his officers and soldiers, and ordering a medal to be struck for him in the name of the people of the United States. The resolution received the emphatic indorsement of a unanimous passage, without a word of debate. A resolution was offered by Mr. Cox, of Ohio, requesting the President to take immediate steps to secure the exchange of our prisoners in the hands of the rebels, and calling for the correspondence in the War Department on the subject. The resolution elicited some discussion, and was finally laid over. Mr. Arnold, of Illinois, gave notice of a bill to forever prohibit slavery in the Territories, and also a bill to repeal the $300 clause of the Conscription Act. The House then adjourned.

EAST TENNESSEE SAFE.

Executive Mansion,
Washington, D. C., Dec. 7, 1863.

Reliable information being received that the insurgent force is retreating from East Tennessee, under circumstances rendering it probable that the Union forces can not hereafter be dislodged from that important position, and esteeming this to be of high national consequence, I recommend that all loyal people do, on receipt of this information, assemble at their places of worship, and render special homage and gratitude to Almighty God for this great advancement of the national cause.

A. Lincoln.

FOSTER'S DISPATCH.

Tazewell, Tennessee, Dec. 7, 1863.

To Major-General Halleck, General-in-Chief:

Longstreet is in full retreat up the valley. Your orders about following with cavalry shall be carried out.

My division of cavalry attacked the enemy's cavalry in one of the passes of the Clinch Mountains yesterday afternoon, and are pushing them vigorously.

Couriers from Knoxville arrived last night. The road is clear.

Sherman arrived here yesterday.

J. G. Foster, Major-General.

SHERMAN'S ARRIVAL.

The *Herald* correspondent telegraphs under date of Knoxville, December 5: The siege of Knoxville is raised, and Longstreet, with his army, is in full retreat toward Virginia. It virtually terminated yesterday, when, at an early hour, the advance-guard of our reinforcements, under General Sherman, arrived here.

LONGSTREET'S LAST ATTACK.

On the night of 28th ult., Longstreet made a fierce attack on Knoxville, which continued nearly all night. On the following morning the rebels charged on General Ferrero's position at Fort Saunders, and were fearfully repulsed, with a loss of nearly seven hundred men, including two hundred and thirty-four prisoners. Our loss was only twenty-five men. General Burnside offered and General Longstreet accepted a truce until seven o'clock in the evening to take care of the wounded and dead.

CHATTANOOGA.

We have nothing later from our side at Chattanooga. The following telegram appears in the Southern papers:

Dalton, Georgia, December 2, 1863.

General Cooper, Richmond:

The enemy have fallen back across the Chattanooga, destroying every thing in their route, including the rail road track and bridges. Their loss was heavy in their attack on our rear-guard, under General Clayborn.

Braxton Bragg.

HARDEE FALLING BACK.

The news from Chattanooga reports General Hardee as falling back from Dalton with the demoralized army of General Bragg, whom he succeeds in the command. The mountains in East Tennessee are said to be filled with deserters from the rebel army.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

All is quiet in the Army of the Potomac. So says the last dispatch from that quarter. General Lee is putting his army into winter-quarters in his old position on the south side of the Rapidan. General Meade will no doubt follow his example, and, with the exception of some fights between pickets or guerrillas, we need hardly expect much news of a warlike character from the armies of either leader until the winter begins to break up.

CHARLESTON.

The latest news from Charleston states that General Gilmore was then shelling the city, throwing twenty shells a day, with considerable damage. All the inhabitants had been removed to the rear of the city, the fire proving, it is presumed, destructive. The firing on Fort Sumter had been discontinued, but Fort Johnson and the other defenses inside the harbor were receiving a terrific fire from our batteries. The rebel flag which has heretofore floated over Fort Sumter is no longer displayed, and only an occasional shot is fired from the ruins. The rebels, it appears, have been erecting new batteries near Fort Moultrie, under cover of a hospital flag, which they kept flying on the Moultrie House, and which was respected by our forces, in accordance with the usages of war. But it is stated that the walls of the Moultrie House were torn down a few days ago, and revealed a formidable battery which had been erected by the rebels under the protection of the sacred hospital flag.

TEXAS.

The following has been received from General Banks, dated Brownsville, Texas, November 9:

His Excellency Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States:

I am in occupation of Brazos Island, Point Isabel, and Brownsville. My most sanguine expectations are more than realized. Three revolutions have occurred in Matamoros affecting the Government of Tamaulipas. The first was adverse to the interests of Mexico and the United States. Every thing is now as favorable as could be desired. N. P. Banks, Major-General Commanding.

OUR PRISONERS AT RICHMOND.

The condition of our imprisoned soldiers in Richmond is considerably improved by the receipt of the provisions forwarded to them. During the past week three hundred and thirty-five packages, consisting mainly of solid food, delicacies for the sick, clothing, reading matter, and stationery were received by them. They were conveyed to Libey Prison, Belle Island, Castle Thunder, and the tobacco warehouses.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

Assistant Surgeon C. O. Wright, of the Thirty-fifth Ohio, and W. S. Hosack have been released from Richmond, and arrived at Washington on 7th. From information communicated by them and received through other sources, it is ascertained that the supplies forwarded for the Union prisoners are delivered to them, and that their condition has been much alleviated thereby. The officers in charge of the prisoners who have been guilty of brutality to the prisoners have been removed, and more humane officers appointed in their places. The prisoners now obtain ten dollars in rebel notes for one dollar in greenbacks, while the rate on the street is from twelve to fifteen for one. Twenty dollars in notes are paid for one in gold. Persons sending supplies for the prisoners by flag of truce should send only blankets, clothing, and substantial food, as delicacies, except for the sick, are not beneficial, and the rebel transportation is limited and taxed to the utmost to forward actual necessaries. The Sanitary Commission are now sending delicacies only for use in the hospitals, the bulk of their consignments being of the character indicated. The arrangements for the distribution of the supplies forwarded are said to be very good, and the distribution, as a general thing, made in good faith.

MESSAGE OF GOVERNOR BRAMLETTE.

The Message of Governor Bramlette was published on 7th. He represents the financial condition of the State as satisfactory, and urges a complete organization of the militia for home defense from guerrillas and robbers, and adds: "It is a source of gratification that the patriotism of the people has met the efforts to place sufficient force in the field for defense, and that we are now more secure and better guarded than at any time heretofore since the rebellion. In a short time, under an arrangement made with the Secretary of War, the thorough organization of enrolled and volunteer militia for our defense will be complete, and security will again brighten the desolated homes of our border people." He pledges the entire service of the State to the defense of the Government. Kentucky's position in reference to Federal relations is largely discussed, but no new position is taken. It is conceded that negro slavery is not essential to the life of the State or nation, but that the Union is; and this is a step in advance in Kentucky.

FREE NEGRO LABOR.

Adjutant-General Thomas has made a tour of inspection of the Government plantations, and has given much attention to the working of the free negro labor system. The result of this system has been such that it has elicited the Adjutant-General's warmest encomiums, and he expressed himself to the effect that what he saw of the working of the system demonstrated to him that the question of compensated negro labor had passed from an enigma to a fact.

UNION FEELING IN ARKANSAS.

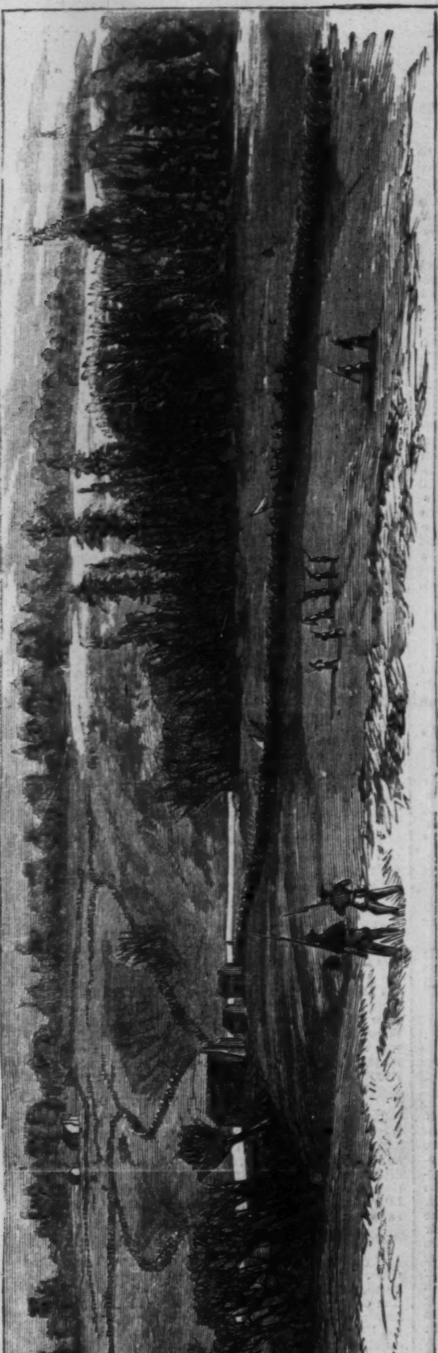
The Union feeling gains strength in Arkansas. The people are taking the oath of allegiance by hundreds. At a Convention held at Fort Smith, which was most patriotic in the sentiments expressed, Colonel Johnson, of the First Arkansas Infantry, was nominated for Congress, and it was voted that Arkansas should be a free State after the war.

FOREIGN NEWS.

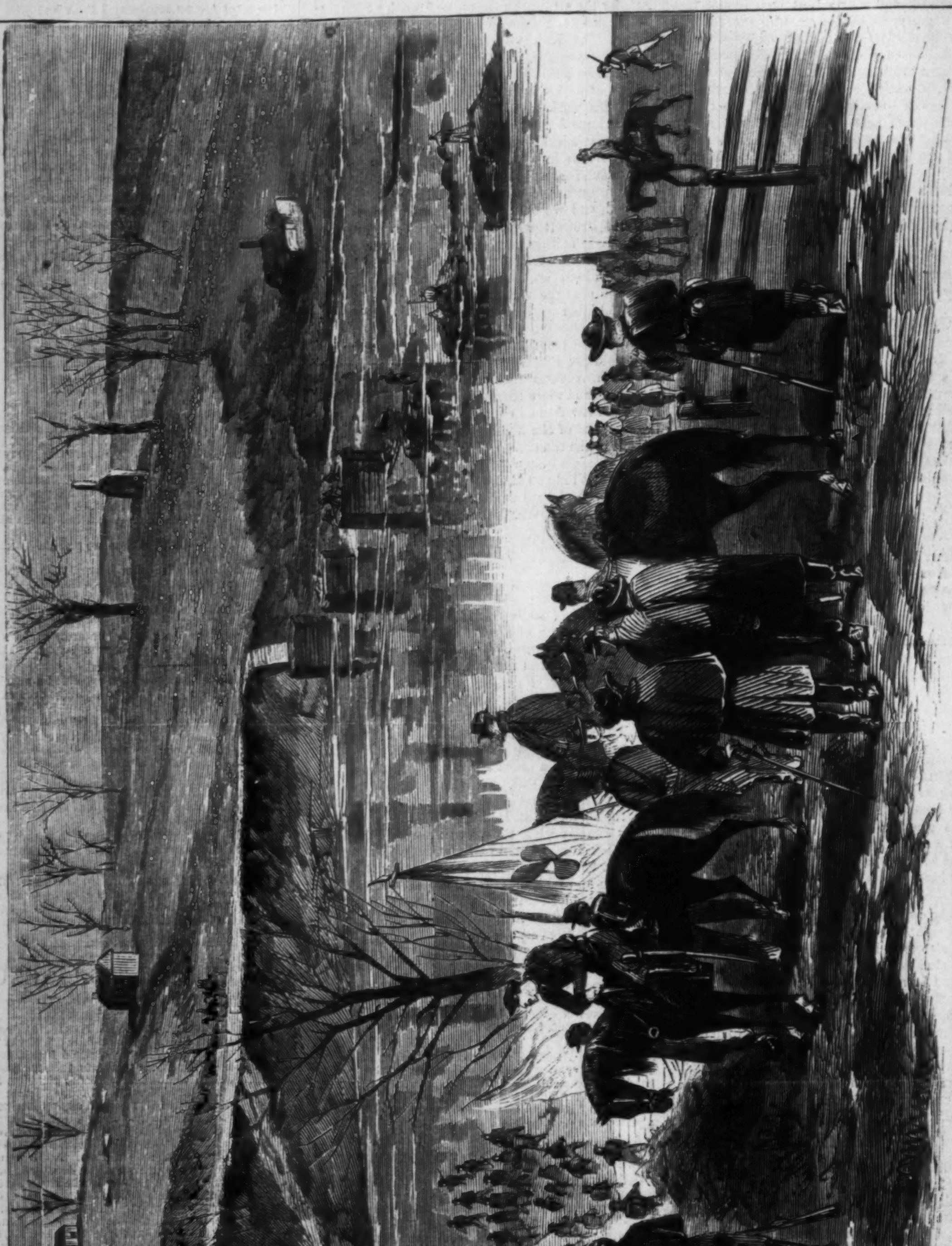
ENGLAND.

A NEW ANGLO PIRATE SEIZED.

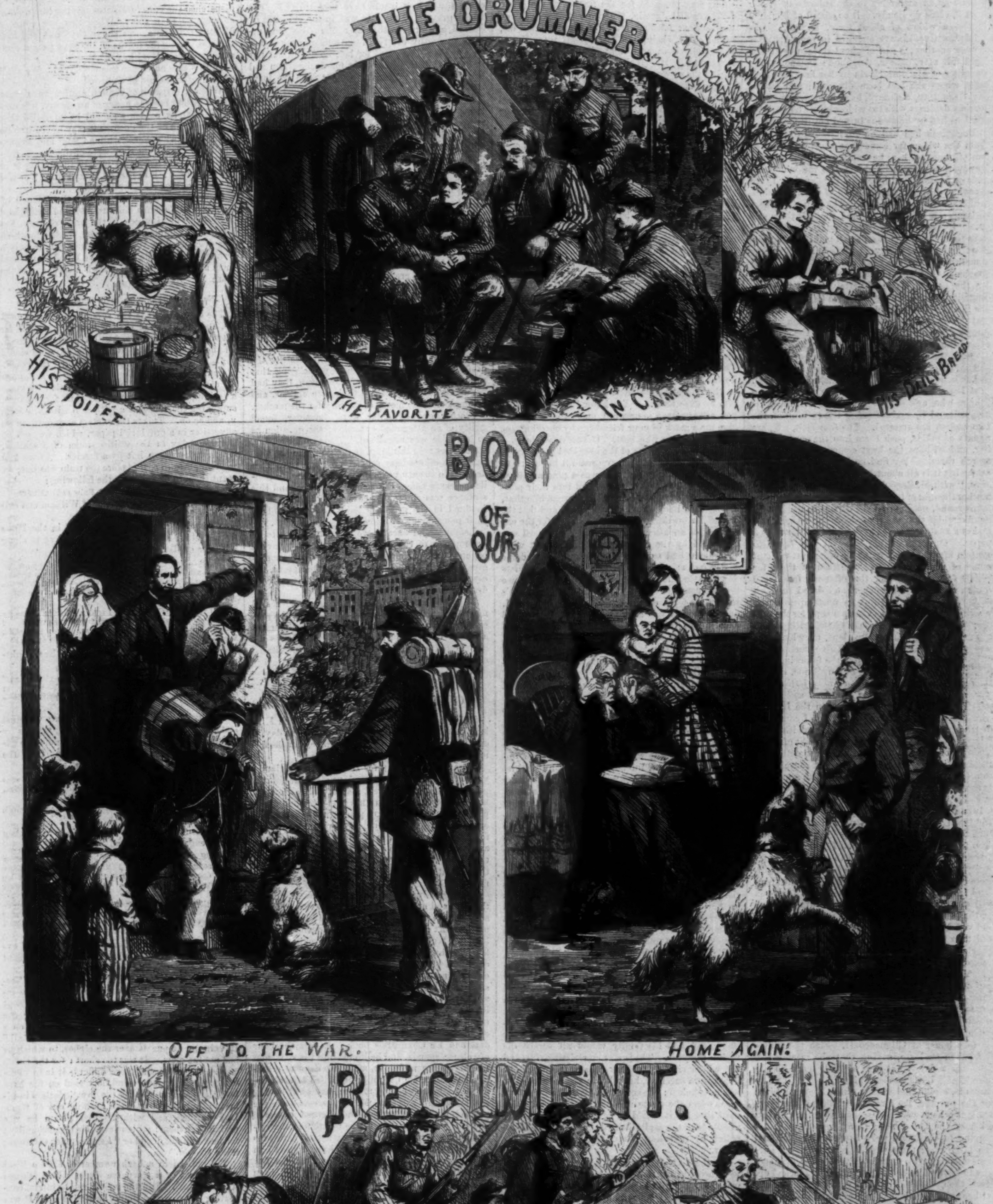
The Government has decided to stop the *Pampero* on the Clyde. Her owners allege that she does not differ, if any at all, from the numerous merchant ships regularly fitted out on the Clyde. The authorities were not satisfied with this statement, and had a gun-boat moored close to the *Pampero* to prevent her escape.



THE THIRD CORPS CROSSING THE RAPIDAN AT JACOBS FORD



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—BROOKS'S BRIGADE OF WARREN'S CORPS CROSSING GERMANIA MILLS FORD.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]



THE DRUMMER BOY OF OUR REGIMENT—EIGHT WAR SCENES.

THE CLIGNANCOURT MYSTERY.

ONE fine morning in October, 1811, a little party set out for an excursion to the suburbs of Paris, from the Rue de Bondy. It consisted of Madame Morin, a widow of about forty, buxom, weak-headed, active, always engaged in some speculation or another; a girl of about sixteen, with her head full of romances, Angélique Delaporte, the daughter of Madame Morin by her first husband, from whom she had been divorced; and lastly, Mr. Ragouleau, a shrewd, hard lawyer, whose numerous dealings with the widow in her house speculations had by no means turned out ill for him.

Ragouleau had had an invitation to breakfast from the widow for some time past; it had been put off, but now here he was. Strangely enough, however, he refuses breakfast, but the widow insists on his going with her and her daughter to see a country-house she is thinking of buying, and of which she wants his opinion. The man of business consents; a cab is called, and they all three get in. "By the barrier of Rochechouart, coachman!" says the widow. What on earth makes Ragouleau start and turn uneasily in his seat? Muttering somethin about the road being up, he tells the coachman that he can't go that way; he must go by the barrier De la Villette. Off they start, Angélique, whom we may suppose to be the life of the little party, declaiming perhaps, as she was always doing, some theatrical scene in which her admirers declared she had no rival on the stage, or describing to her admiring mother some dreadful scene in the "Mysteries of Udolpho," or some of the novels of that kind, which the girl always had in her hands. The barrier is reached, but a man first looks inside and then gives a word to three others who are standing ready; the coach is stopped, and Ragouleau being left to himself, the two women are arrested. The four men, who are agents of police, push them into the octroi building, and without the least compunction begin to search them. They find nothing, but Angélique asks what it is all about. "We were going," she says, "with M. Ragouleau to see a house that my mother thought of buying." The commissionnaire turns round, notices that she carries in her hand a handkerchief that does not look quite right, and makes a snatch at it, when out falls a little roll of paper. On examination this roll was found to contain fifteen drafts payable to order, but without name of drawer or payee, fourteen of them for 20,000 francs each, and the fifteenth for 10,000 francs, all on stamped paper, and dated the 30th of April last; another draft on unstamped paper, which seemed to have served as a copy for the other; three letters in Ragouleau's handwriting; and a paper contained in an envelope, on which was written "Unseal and read." This direction was obeyed by the police, who found the following composition in the handwriting of Angélique, like all the rest: "'*If ever in my life a day of justice come for me, you shall be the first to whom I will render it.*' This is what you said to me in the Louvre, when we met there, three days before I consented to give up to you voluntarily that which your crimes took from me by force, in the sight of every one who knows you. 'Twere useless to enter into the details of horrors which even yet cause me to shudder. How could nature vomit such a monster as are you? Here, then, it is settled shall be your day of justice—or my day of vengeance. Ah! what a luxury for the oppressed! In my POWER my address has placed you. CHOOSE: death—or return to me that which is mine, and thank my children for the choice I give you. If I only existed, I would let my rage burst forth with all the ferocity required by the horrible monstrosities directed by you against me! Two hundred thousand francs is the amount of the drafts that you will sign. You will write on each draft, 'Good for the sum of 20,000 francs value received in cash,' and you will sign. I shall compare your writing, and take care that I find it like. I give you a quarter of an hour to choose. If you prefer my vengeance, on the instant I myself will execute it. You conceive that it can only be the affair of half a second: prudence so ordains. Ah! could I without fear prolong the pleasure—here would be a case in which to employ every kind of barbarity which imagination could suggest."

On the arrest of the women the police had sent off to a house at Clignancourt, which the widow had taken on lease, saying that she intended to establish a dairy. It was a small house in the middle of a large garden. Here, assisted by two servants, a man and woman whom they had hired for the purpose, the two women began the preparations which were necessary before the presentation of the above address to Ragouleau. Belonging to the house were two small cellars and one large one; these were lighted from the gardens above by two large openings. The first step was to have these openings completely blocked up. Here then was secured the subterranean vault, without which no melodrama of that day was complete. A stout post was next fixed firmly into the ground at the further end of the cellars. To this was fastened a chair, and to this again a padlocked chain. Before all was placed a table, on which were arranged writing materials. The light from above was replaced by two candles in iron candlesticks.

The widow and her daughter had bought a pair of second-hand pistols, and the man-servant was now charged to give lessons in shooting to Angélique, while the anxious mother listened up above in the garden to ascertain whether any noise made in the cellar could be heard. Not a sound; screams, cries, and shooting all passed unheard. Every thing being thus prepared, a full rehearsal took place; but, as Ragouleau's appearance could not be looked for under the circumstances, Lefebvre, the man-servant, took his part. The widow, her daughter, and the female servant seized him, and bound him in the chair; then Angélique advanced with the pistols in her hands, and with a menacing gesture showed the bound man the document we have given above.

And it was to fill this part that Ragouleau had been invited to the country excursion. The police, who had gone to the house, found that every thing was prepared for the final representation. Lefebvre and Jacotin, the two servants, were on the look-out for the arrival of the party. Post, table, chair, chain, and pistols—all were there; the candles had been kept alight constantly for three days past. While the police were interrogating the servants, the mother and daughter were brought in. They confessed that all these preparations were for Ragouleau, who had swindled them; they declared, but in such a way that he could not be laid hold of; and that their object was to compel by force a restitution which the law would not order. Drafts for so large an amount (290,000 francs) had been prepared that they might reject those which should seem to have been signed under constraint; they had no intention of doing more than frightening him into signing the drafts.

A noose of silk cord had been found in the cellar.

"What did you want that for?" they were asked; "the pistols were enough to frighten him."

"If he had thought that the noise of the pistols would stop us," said Angélique, "the noose would have shown him another danger."

"And suppose Ragouleau had resisted?"

"Oh, then," she said, "it would not have been a murder, but a duel."

All four, mother, daughter, and servants, were committed to prison.

And how had the police got knowledge of the attempt to be made on Ragouleau's life or purse? This is not the least singular part of the affair. Toward the end of September, Ragouleau had gone to the police with a little invitation addressed to him by the widow. "You know," she said, "that you always keep your word, and I require you to give me a mark of your friendship by choosing five dishes that you like best. If you don't do it, I shall send to order ten of the best that I can get." There seemed nothing very dreadful in this; but the lawyer declared that this was a plan arranged long ago by the women to get him into their power. A woman named Jonard had warned him that, a long time back they had sworn this, and that the day of the breakfast was the one chosen for the execution of an attempt against him. Jonard was examined by the police, and declared that what Ragouleau had stated was quite true. Madame Morin had asked her to hire for her two gamblers down on their luck and ready for any thing, or two escaped convicts who would undertake Ragouleau's settlement for a consideration. She had refused, and the widow had afterward found Lefebvre and Jacotin herself. They were to frighten Ragouleau with the pistols, and when he had signed the drafts, they were to strangle him with the noose, and then to put his body in a sack and throw it by night into the Seine.

The acquaintance of the widow with Jonard had come about in this way:

Every one of our readers who has been to Paris must have noticed the large Hôtel de Saint-Phar, on the Boulevard Poissonnière. In 1806 there was for sale a large house occupying this same site and known by the same name. The widow determined to buy it, intending to furnish it and let it out. Ragouleau happened to be after the house himself; but, knowing that the widow's resources were insufficient for the purchase, and foreseeing an advantage to himself, he withdrew from competition, and offered her a loan, which she at once accepted, giving in payment an annuity contingent on the lives of Ragouleau, his wife, and their two children. There is no need to follow the steps by which Madame Morin got deeper and deeper into the debt of the shrewd lawyer, into whose hands the property, of course, fell after a while. It was in April, 1811, that with a sorrowful heart the widow gave up the keys to Ragouleau. Through all her pecuniary troubles one hope had sustained her. Her chief difficulty was to pay the annuity to Ragouleau; but she was reassured by Jonard, whom she had consulted at the time of the purchase. This woman, hiding her real calling by some ostensible trade, told fortunes, and was winked at by the police in consideration of her giving them any news that she thought might be of use to them. To her Madame Morin had had recourse, and Jonard, after cutting the cards, had declared that Ragouleau and his family would all surely die within the year. There was no resisting this, and the widow signed the contract, and, although her hopes were deceived, her faith in the fortune-teller was not shaken; she consulted her till, as we have seen, when the game was getting dangerous, Jonard thought it would be prudent to acquire the gratitude of the capitalist and the protection of the police by revealing the criminal designs of her client.

On the 10th January, 1812, the four prisoners were brought to trial. The mother and daughter were charged with a joint attempt at extortion of signatures by violence, and an attempted homicide; the servants were charged as accomplices. The attention of the audience was concentrated on Angélique: her youth, and the singular part she had played in the affair, making her an object of popular interest. Ragouleau's position was not a pleasant one: he had published a justification of his dealings with the widow, and now tried hard to make it appear that he did not in any way take advantage of her necessity to enrich himself. The way, too, in which he had played into the hands of the police was one that he tried very hard to excuse; but, from the examination of Jonard, it was clear that the two women—the mother, by all accounts, weak, foolish, and looking up to her daughter as a goddess; the daughter a silly, sentimental, novel-reading girl—had been led on by the fortune-teller as long as she could extract money for her witchcraft without danger to herself. The counsel, in their defense, acknowledged a criminal intention; but could it have been carried out if the women had been let alone? Ragouleau knew of their intended crime, but makes himself an accomplice at the instigation of the police. Fearing to give them time for reflection, he hurries them off, knowing that the police are waiting in ambush for them. So long as the act remained undone, who could say that it would have taken place? The whole gravity of the case was in the evidence of Jonard, a wretch in the pay of the police, and utterly unworthy of credit. Angélique reads her own defense—composed for her, no doubt, but put in her mouth that her talent for declamation and her youth might have due weight with the jury. She declared that Jonard had worked upon her affection for her mother whom she saw in difficulties, the cause of which she already knew. Jonard had suggested to her the idea of killing Ragouleau—an idea she had always refused to entertain; she had only sought to terrify him, and had obtained her mother's consent to her plan only by prayers and tears. Supposing Ragouleau had refused to sign, why have killed him? All traces of the attempt would have been destroyed, and his accusation would not have been capable of proof; and why kill him if he signed? To do so would be certain ruin. The drafts would be traced if put in circulation; the handwriting on them, the same on all, would be recognized, their origin would be known; it would be asked how persons so recently his debtors became his creditors for so large an amount, and the crime would infallibly be discovered. Whereas, if Ragouleau had been set at liberty, as was intended, either he would have remained silent, knowing that he had done no more than was just (his fear of exposure would have besides prevented him from making complaints), or, if he did this, it would only be necessary to destroy the drafts. The defense concluded by declaring that already, before the arrival of Ragouleau, they had begun to be frightened at their own actions, and by imploring the mercy of the jury for the mother.

Mother and daughter were, however, found guilty of an attempted extortion; the question as to homicide was negatived. Their sentence was, we can not help thinking, as the public did at that time, one of needless severity. They were condemned to twenty years of hard labor and to public exposure before the Palais de Justice, and this sentence was rigorously carried out. They were confined in the prison of Saint Lazare, and bore their punishment with exemplary resignation.

Lefebvre and Jacotin were at first found to be accomplices of the attempt, but without having begun the execution of the crime—a distinction of great weight in the French law. On appeal, the case was sent for fresh trial, when they were condemned to five years of hard labor.

Thus the attempt of a foolish girl and a still more foolish woman to act a chapter out of a sensationalist novel ended in a trial which illustrates a knotty question in French law—where does the commencement of execution of a premeditated crime of this kind actually take place?

CURIOSITIES OF CIPHER.

IN 1680, when M. de Louvois was French Minister of War, he summoned before him, one day, a gentleman named Chamilly, and gave him the following instructions:

"Start this evening for Basle, in Switzerland; you will reach it in three days; on the fourth, punctually at two o'clock, station yourself on the bridge over the Rhine, with a port-folio, ink, and a pen. Watch all that takes place, and make a memorandum of every particular. Continue doing so for two hours; have a carriage and post-horses awaiting you; and, at four precisely mount and travel night and day till you reach Paris. On the instant of your arrival hasten to me with your notes."

De Chamilly obeyed; he reached Basle, and on the day, and at the hour appointed, stationed himself, pen in hand, on the bridge. Presently a market-cart drives by, then an old woman with a basket of fruit passes; anon a little urchin trundles his hoop by; next an old gentleman in blue top-coat jogs past on his gray mare. Three o'clock chimes from the cathedral tower. Just at the last stroke a tall fellow in yellow waistcoat and breeches saunters up, goes to the middle of the bridge, lounges over, and looks at the water; then he takes a step back, and strikes three hearty blows on the footway with his staff. Down goes every detail in De Chamilly's book. At last the hour of release sounds, and he jumps into his carriage. Shortly before midnight, after two days of ceaseless traveling, De Chamilly presented himself before the minister, feeling rather ashamed at having such trifles to record. M. de Louvois took the port-folio with eagerness, and glanced over the notes. As his eye caught the mention of the yellow-breeched man a gleam of joy flashed across his countenance. He rushed to the king, roused him from sleep, spoke in private with him for a few moments, and then four couriers who had been held in readiness since five on the preceding evening were dispatched with haste. Eight days after the town of Strasbourg was entirely surrounded by French troops, and summoned to surrender: it capitulated, and threw open its gates on the 30th September, 1681. Evidently the three strokes of the stick given by the fellow in yellow costume, at an appointed hour, were the signal of the success of an intrigue concerted between M. de Louvois and the magistrates of Strasbourg, and the man who executed this mission was as ignorant of the motive as was M. de Chamilly of the motive of his.

Now this is a specimen of the safest of all secret communications, but it can only be resorted to on certain rare occasions. When a lengthy dispatch is required to be forwarded, and when such means as those given above are out of the question, some other method must be employed. Herodotus gives us a story to the point: it is found also, with variations, in Aulus Gellius.

"Histiæus, when he was anxious to give Aristagoras orders to revolt, could find but one safe way, as the roads were guarded, of making his wishes known: which was by taking the trustiest of his slaves, shaving all the hair from off his head, and then pricking letters upon the skin, and waiting till the hair grew again. This accordingly he did; and, as soon as ever the hair was grown, he dispatched the man to Miletus, giving him no other message than this: 'When thou art come to Miletus bid Aristagoras shave thy head, and look thereon.' Now the marks on the head were a command to revolt." (Bk. v. 35.)

In this case no cipher was employed. We shall come now to the use of ciphers.

When a dispatch or communication runs great risk of falling into the hands of an enemy, it is necessary that its contents should be so veiled that the possession of the document may afford him no information whatever. Julius Cæsar and Augustus used ciphers, but they were of the utmost simplicity, as they consisted merely in placing D in the place of A; E in that of B, and so on; or else in writing B for A, C for B, etc.

Secret characters were used at the Council of Nicæa; and Rabanus Maurus, Abbot of Fulda, and Archbishop of Mayence, in the ninth century, has left us an example of two ciphers, the key to which was discovered by the Benedictines. It is only a wonder that any one could have failed to unravel them at the first glance. This is a specimen of the first:

.Nc.p.t v:rs:·:s B::n.f:c.. :rch. gl::r::a.q:·::m:rt.r.s

The clew to this is the suppression of the vowels, and the filling of their places by dots—one for i, two for a, three for e, four for o, and five for u. In the second example the same sentence would run—Knckpkt vfrsxs Bpnkfbckk, etc., the vowel-places being filled by the consonants—b, f, k, p, x. By changing every letter in the alphabet we make a vast improvement on this last; thus, for instance, supplying the place of a with z, b with x, c with v, and so on. This is the system employed by an advertiser in a provincial paper, which we took up the other day in the waiting-room of a station, where it had been left by a farmer. As we had some minutes to spare before the train was due, we spent them in deciphering the following:

Jp Sjddjzb rza rzdd ci sljmr, Bziw rzdd xr ndzt

and in ten minutes we read: "If William can call or write, Mary will be glad."

A correspondence was carried on in the *Times* during May, 1862, in cipher. We give it along with the explanation:

WWS.—Zy Efpdolj T dpye 1 wpeepe ez mjcyp qzc jzf—xlj T daply qfwwj zy lww xleeped le esp tyepcg-tph? Te xlj oz rzzo. Ecfde ez xj wzgp—T lx xtdpclmwp. Hspy xlj T rz ez Nlyepcmfcj tq zywj ez wzzv le jzf.—May 8.

This means—"On Tuesday I sent a letter to Byrne for you. May I speak fully on all matters at the interview? It may do good. Trust to my love. I am miserable. When may I go to Canterbury, if only to look at you?"

A couple of days later Byrne advertises, slightly varying the cipher:

WWS.—Sxhrdktg hdbtewxcv "Tmwxqxlxdc axzt" udg pcdewtg psktgexhtbtce.—QNGCT. "Discover something *Exhibition-like* for another advertisement.—Byrne."

This gentleman is rather mysterious: we must leave our readers to conjecture what he means by "Exhibition-like." On Wednesday came two advertisements—one from the lady, one from the lover. WWS. herself seems rather sensible:

TYDEPLO zq rztyr ez nlye[illegible]fcj, T estyv jzf slo xfns mpeepc delj le szxp lyo xty[illegible]zfc mfdtypdd.—WWS., May 10.

"Instead of going to Canterbury, I think you had much better stay at home and mind your business."

Excellent advice; but how far likely to be taken by the eager wooer, who advertises thus?

WWS.—Fyetw jzfc qlespc lydhpcd T hzye ldv jzf ez aczgp jzf wzgp xp. Efpdolj ytree le zyp znwznv slgp I dectyr qczx esp htyozh qzc wpeeped. Tq jzt lcp yze lmwp le zyp T htww hlte. Rzo nzxqzce jzf [illegible] olcwtyr htqp.

"Until your father answers I won't ask you to prove you love me. Tuesday night at one o'clock have a string from the window for letters. If you are not able at one I will wait. God comfort you, my darling wife."

Only a very simple Romeo and Juliet could expect to secure secrecy by so slight a displacement of the alphabet.

When the Chevalier de Rohan was in the Bastile his friends wanted to convey to him the intelligence that his accomplice was dead without having confessed. They did so by passing the following words into his dungeon, written on a shirt: "Mg dulhxccgu ghj yxuj; lm ct ulgc alj." In vain did he puzzle over the cipher, to which he had not the clew. It was too short; for the shorter a cipher letter, the more difficult it is to make out. The light faded, and he tossed on his hard bed, sleeplessly revolving the mystic letters in his brain; but he could make nothing out of them. Day dawned, and with its first gleam he was poring over them: still in vain. He pleaded guilty; for he could not decipher "Le prisonnier est mort; il *n'a rien dit.*"

We noticed in a back number of *Once a Week* some verses, or a story, we forget which, signed Azile Nostaw. Did the writer really intend concealing her name by simply inverting it? It was readable at a glance, and she might just as well have signed in the way of ordinary humdrum folk. If, however, you invert a message, and *then* turn it into cipher, the difficulty of reading it is greatly enhanced.

Another method of veiling a communication is that of employing numbers or arbitrary signs in the place of letters, and this admits of many refinements. Here is an example to test the reader's sagacity:

§ †431 45 2+9 +§51 4= 8732+ 287 45 2+9 †¶=+

We just give the hint that it is a proverb.

The following is much more ingenious, and difficult of detection:

	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H
A	*a*	*d*	*g*	*k*	*n*	*q*	*t*	*x*
B	*b*	*e*	*h*	*l*	*o*	*r*	*u*	*y*
C	*c*	*f*	*i*	*m*	*p*	*s*	*w*	*z*

Now suppose that I want to write *England*; I

look among the small letters in the foregoing table for *e*, and find that it is in a horizontal line with B, and vertical line with B, so I write down *B*B; *n* is in line with A and R, so I put down AR; continue this, and England will be represented by *Bbaeacbdaaaeab*. Two letters to represent one is not over-tedious; but the scheme devised by Lord Bacon is clumsy enough. He represented every letter by permutations of *a* and *b*; for instance,

A was written *aaaaa*, B was written *aaaab*
C was written *aaaba*, D was written *aabaa*

and so through the alphabet. Paris would thus be transformed into *abbba, aaaaa, baaaa, abaaa, baaab*. Conceive the labor of composing a whole dispatch like this, and the great likelihood of making blunders in writing it!

A much simpler method is the following. The sender and receiver of the communication must be agreed upon a certain book of a specified edition, The dispatch begins with a number; this indicates the page to which the reader is to turn. He must then count the letters from the top of the page, and give them their value numerically according to the order in which they come; omitting those which are repeated. By these numbers he reads his dispatch. As an example, let us take the beginning of this article: then, *I*=1, *n*=2, *w*=3, *h*=4, *e*=5, *m*=6, *d*=7, *l*=8, *u*=9, *v*=10, *o*=11, omitting to count the letters which are repeated. In the middle of the communication the page may be varied, and consequently the numerical significance of each letter altered. Even this could be read with a little trouble; and the word "impossible" can hardly be said to apply to the deciphering of cryptographs.

A curious instance of this occurred at the close of the sixteenth century, when the Spaniards were endeavoring to establish relations between the scattered branches of their vast monarchy, which at that period embraced a large portion of Italy, the Low Countries, the Philippines, and enormous districts in the New World. They accordingly invented a cipher, which they varied from time to time, in order to disconcert those who might attempt to pry into the mysteries of their correspondence. The cipher, composed of fifty signs, was of great value to them through all the troubles of the "Ligue," and the wars then desolating Europe. Some of their dispatches having been intercepted, Henry IV. handed them over to a clever mathematician, Viete, with the request that he would find the clew. He did so, and was able also to follow it as it varied, and France profited for two years by his discovery. The court of Spain, disconcerted at this, accused Viete before the Roman court as a sorcerer and in league with the devil. This proceeding only gave rise to laughter and ridicule.

A still more remarkable instance is that of a German professor, Hermann, who boasted, in 1752, that he had discovered a cryptograph absolutely incapable of being deciphered, without the clew being given by him; and he defied all the savans and learned societies of Europe to discover the key. However, a French refugee, named Beguelin, managed, after eight days' study, to read it. This cipher—though we have the rules upon which it is formed before us—is to us perfectly unintelligible. It is grounded on some changes of numbers and symbols; numbers vary, being at one time multiplied, at another added, and become so complicated that the letter *e*, which occurs nine times in the paragraph, is represented in eight different ways; *n* is used eight times, and has seven various signs. Indeed the same letter is scarcely ever represented by the same figure. But this is not all; the character which appears in the place of *i* takes that of *n* shortly after; another symbol for *n* stands also for *t*. How any man could have solved the mystery of this cipher is astonishing.

Now let us recommend a far simpler system, and one which is very difficult of detection. It consists of a combination of numbers and letters. Both parties must be agreed on an arrangement such as that in the second line below, for on it all depends

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
4	7	2	9	1	10	5	3	6	8

Now in turning a sentence such as "The army must retire" into cipher, you count the letters which make the sentence, and find that T is the first, H the second, E the third, A the fourth, R the fifth, and so on. Then look at the table. T is the first letter; 4 answers to 1; therefore write the fourth letter in the place of T; that is A instead of T. For *h* the second, put the seventh, which is *y*; for E, take the second, *h*. The sentence will stand "Ayh utsr emay yhutser." It is all but impossible to discover this cipher.

All these cryptographs consist in the exchange of numbers or characters for the real letters; but there are other methods quite as intricate which dispense with them.

The mysterious cards of the Count de Vergennes are an instance. De Vergennes was Minister of Foreign affairs under Louis XVI., and he made use of cards of a peculiar nature in his relations with the diplomatic agents of France. These cards were used in letters of recommendation or passports which were given to strangers about to enter France; they were intended to furnish information without the knowledge of the bearers. This was the system. The card given to a man contained only a few words, such as:

ALPHONSE D'ANGEHA.
Recommandé à Monsieur
le Comte de Vergennes, par le Marquis de Puysegur,
Ambassadeur de France à la Cour de Lisbonne.

The card told more tales than the words written on it. Its color indicated the nation of the stranger. Yellow showed him to be English; red, Spanish; white, Portuguese; green, Dutch; red and white, Italian; red and green, Swiss; green and white, Russian; etc. The person's age was expressed by the shape of the card. If it were circular, he was under 25; oval, between 25 and 30; octagonal, between 30 and 45; hexagonal, between 45 and 50; square, between 50 and 60; an oblong showed that he was over 60. Two lines placed below the name of the bearer indicated his build. If he were tall and lean, the lines were waving and parallel; tall and stout, they converged; and so on. The expression of his face was shown by a flower in the border. A rose designated an open and amiable countenance, while a tulip marked a pensive and aristocratic appearance. A fillet round the border, according to its length, told whether the man were bachelor, married, or widower. Dots gave information as to his position and fortune. A full stop after his name showed that he was a Catholic; a semicolon, that he was a Lutheran; a comma, that he was a Calvinist; a dash, that he was a Jew; no stop indicated him as an Atheist. So also his morals and character were pointed out by a pattern in the angles of the card, such as one of these

So, at one glance the minister could tell all about his man, whether he were a gamester or a duelist; what was his purpose in visiting France; whether in search of a wife or to claim a legacy; what was his profession—that of physician, lawyer, or man of letters; whether he were to be put under surveillance or allowed to go his way unmolested.

We come now to a class of cipher which requires a certain amount of literary dexterity to conceal the clew.

During the Great Rebellion, Sir John Trevanion, a distinguished cavalier, was made prisoner, and locked up in Colchester castle. Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle had just been made examples of, as a warning to "malignants:" and Trevanion has every reason for expecting a similar bloody end. As he awaits his doom, indulging in a hearty curse in round cavalier terms at the canting, crop-eared scoundrels who hold him in durance vile, and muttering a wish that he had fallen, sword in hand, facing the foe, he is startled by the entrance of the jailer who hands him a letter:

"May't do thee good," growls the fellow; "it has been well looked to before it was permitted to come to thee."

Sir John takes the letter, and the jailer leaves him his lamp by which to read it:

WORTHIE SIR JOHN,—Hope, that is yᵉ beste comfort of yᵉ afflictyd, cannot much, I fear me, help you now. That I wolde saye to you, is this only: if ever I may be able to requite that I do owe you, stand not upon asking of me. 'Tis not much I can do: but what I can do, bee you verie sure I wille. I knowe that, if dethe comes, if ordinary men fear it, it frights not you, accounting it for a high honour, to have such a rewarde of your loyalty. Pray yet that you may be spared this soe bitter, cup. I fear not that you will grudge any sufferings: only if bie submission you can turn them away, 'tis the part of a wise man. Tell me, an if you can, to do for you any thinge that you wolde have done. The general goes back on Wednesday. Restinge your servant to command. R. T.

Now this letter was written according to a preconcerted cipher. Every third letter after a stop was to tell. In this way, Sir John made out—"Panel at east end of chapel slides." On the following even, the prisoner begged to be allowed to pass an hour of private devotion in the chapel. By means of a bribe this was accomplished. Before the hour had expired the chapel was empty—the bird had flown.

An excellent plan of indicating the *telling* letter or word is through the heading of the letter. "Sir," would signify that every third letter was to be taken; "Dear Sir," that every seventh; "My dear Sir," that every ninth was to be selected. A system, very early adopted, was that of having pierced cards, through the holes of which the communication was written. The card was then removed, and the blank spaces filled up. As for example:

MY DEAR X.,—[The] lines I now send you are forwarded by the kindness of the [Bearer], who is a friend. [Is not] the message delivered yet [to] my brother? [Be] quick about it, for I have all along [trusted] that you would act with discretion and dispatch.

Yours ever, Z.

Put your card over the note, and through the piercings you will read: "The bearer is not to be trusted."

The following letter will give two totally distinct meanings, according as it is read, straight through, or only by alternate lines:

MADEMOISELLE,—
Je m'empresse de vous écrire pour vous déclarer
que vous vous trompez beaucoup si vous croyez
que vous êtes celle pour qui je soupire.
Il est bien vrai que pour vous éprouver,
Je vous ai fait mille aveux. Après quoi
vous êtes devenue l'objet de ma raillerie. Ainsi
ne doutez plus de ce que vous dit ici celui
qui n'a eu que de l'aversion pour vous, et
qui aimerait mieux mourir que de
se voir obligé de vous épouser, et de
changer le dessein qu'il a formé de vous
haïr toute sa vie, bien loin de vous
aimer, comme il vous l'a déclaré. Soyez donc
désabusée, croyez-moi; et si vous êtes encore
Constante et persuadée que vous êtes aimée
vous serez encore plus exposée à la risée
de tout le monde, et particulièrement de
celui qui n'a jamais été et ne sera jamais
Votre serᵛture
M. N.

We must not omit to mention Chronograms. These are verses which contain within them the date of the composition. So at Graz, on the mausoleum of the Emperor Ferdinand, is the following:

ferDInanDVs seCVnDVs pIe VIXIt pIe obIIt:

that is, 1637.

A very curious one was written by Charles de Bovelle: we adapt and explain it:

The heads of a mouse and five cats.....	M.CCCCC
Add also the tail of a bull	L
Item, the four legs of a rat	IIII
And you have my date in full	M.CCCCCLIIII (1554.)

It is now high time that we show the reader how to find the clew to a cipher. And as illustration is always better than precept, we shall exemplify from our own experience. With permission, too, we shall drop the plural for the singular.

Well! My friend Matthew Fletcher came into a property some years ago, bequeathed to him by a great-uncle. The old gentleman had been notorious for his parsimonious habits, and he was known through the county by the nickname of Miser Tom. Of course every one believed that he was vastly rich, and that Mat Fletcher would come in for a mint of money. But, somehow, my friend did not find the stores of coin on which he had calculated, hidden in worsted stockings or cracked pots; and the savings of the old man which he did light upon consisted of but trifling sums. Fletcher became firmly persuaded that the money was hidden *somewhere*; where he could not tell, and he often came to consult me on the best expedient for discovering it. It is all through my intervention that he did not pull down the whole house about his ears, tear up every floor, and root up every flower or tree throughout the garden, in his search after the precious hoard. One day he burst into my room with radiant face.

"My dear fellow!" he gasped forth, "I have found it!"

"Found what?—the treasure?"

"All but—I want your help now:" and he flung a discolored slip of paper on my table.

I took it up, and saw that it was covered with writing in cipher.

"I routed it out of a secret drawer in Uncle Tom's bureau!" he exclaimed; "I have no doubt of its purport. It indicates the spot where all his savings are secreted."

"You have not deciphered it yet, have you?"

"No. I want your help; I can make neither heads nor tails of the scrawl, though I sat up all night studying it."

"Come along," said I, "I wish you joy of your treasure. I'll read the cipher if you give me time." So we sat down together at my desk, with the slip of paper before us. Here is the inscription:

D
+λ282§9β9β2λχ879+)789(9(88¶7÷)8—2§+9 × §2§—29§—
A
)*8228χ7λθ82λ*9χ79+ × §—7—β*γχ9—¶β—χ8)λ48§§8—
B
=8χ2§8χ82§—+§8χ8 ⊙ §8χ82§828χ7βλ(2§8+8χλ=λ¶9β
‖λ7=—+÷—χ881λχ*92—+2.

"Now," said I, "the order of precedence among the letters, according to the frequency of their recurrence, is this, e a o i t d h n r s u y c f g l m w b k p q x z. This, however, is their order, according to the number of words begun by each, respectively, s c p a d i f b l b t, etc. The most frequent compounds are th, ng, ee, ll, mm, tt, dd, nn. Pray, Matthew, do you see any one sign repeated oftener than the others in this cryptograph?"

"Yes, 8; it is repeated 23 times," said Fletcher, after a pause.

"Then you may be perfectly satisfied that it stands for e, which is used far oftener than any other letter in English. Next, look along the lines, and see what letters most frequently accompany it."

"2 § undoubtedly; it follows 8 in several places, and precedes it in others. In the second line we have 2 § 8—8 2 §—2 § 8; and in the third, 2 § 8 again."

"Then we may fairly assume that 2 § 8 stands for *the*."

"*The*, to be sure," burst forth Fletcher. "Now the next word will be money. No! it can't be, the e will not suit; perhaps it is treasure, gold, hoard, store."

"Wait a little bit," I interposed. "Now look what letters are doubled."

"88 and 22," said my friend Mat.

"And please observe," I continued, "that where I draw a line and write A you have e, then double t, then e again. Probably this is the middle of a word, and as we have already supposed 2 to stand for t, we have —ette—, a very likely combination. We may be sure of the t now. Near the end of the second line there is a remarkable passage, in which the three letters we know recur continually. Let us write it out, leaving blanks for the letters we do not know, and placing the ascertained letters instead of their symbols. Then it stands—eχtheχeth—heχeheχ ethe—. Now here I have a χ repeated four times, and from its position it must be a consonant. I will put in its place one consonant after another. You see r is the only only one which turns the letters into words. *—erthereth—here . here the*—surely some of these should stand out distinctly separated—*er there th— here . here the.* Look! I can see at once what letters are wanting; *th—* between there and here must be *than*, and then *. here* is—must be—*where*. So now I have found these letters.

8=e, 2=t, §=h, χ=r, —=a, +=n, ⊙=w.

and I can confirm the χ as *r* by taking the portion marked A—*etter*. Here we get an end of an adjective in the comparative degree; I think it must be *better*.

"Let us next take a group of ciphers higher up; I will pencil over it D. I take this group because it contains some of the letters which we have settled—*eathn*. Eath must be the end of a word, for none begin with athn, thn, or hn. Now what letter will suit eath? Possibly *h*, probably *d*."

"Yes!" exclaimed Fletcher, "*Death*, to be sure. I can guess it all: 'Death is approaching, and I feel that a solemn duty devolves upon me, namely, that of acquainting Matthew Fletcher, my heir, with the spot where I have hidden my savings.' Go on, go on."

"All in good time, friend," I laughed. "You observe, we can confirm our guess as to the sign) being used for *d*, by comparing the passage —29§—)*228χ, which we now read, *t. had better*. But *t. had better* is awkward; you can not make 9 into *o*; 'to had,' would be no sense."

"Of course not," burst forth Fletcher. "Don't you see it all? *I had better* let my excellent nephew know where I have deposited—"

"Wait a bit," interrupted I; "you are right, I believe. *I* is the signification of 9. Let us begin the whole cryptograph now: *N.tethi.i.t.re.ind.e.*"

"*Remind me!*" cried Fletcher.

"You have it again," said I. "Now we obtain an additional letter besides *m*, for t. remind me is certainly *to remind me*. We must begin again: *Note thi.i. to remind me.*"

"*This is*," called out my excited friend, whose eyes were sparkling with delight and expectation.

"Go on; you are a trump!"

"These, then, are our additional letters:)=d, 7=m, β=s, 9=i, λ=o. *To remind me i. i. ee. m. death m.h* for *m. death*, I read my death, and *i. i. ee*, I guess to be, if I feel. So it stands thus: 'Note.—This is to remind me, if I feel my death nigh, that I had better—'"

I worked on now in silence; Fletcher, leaning his chin on his hands, sat opposite, staring into my face with breathless anxiety. Presently I exclaimed,

"Halves, Mat! I think you said halves!"

"I—I—I—I—my very dear fellow, I—"

"A very excellent man was your uncle; a most exemplary—"

"All right, I know that," said Fletcher, cutting me short. "Do read the paper; I have a spade and pick on my library table, all ready for work the moment I know where to begin."

"But, really, he was a man in a thousand, a man of such discretion, such foresight, so much—"

Down came Fletcher's hand on the desk.

"Do go on!" he cried; and I could see that he was swearing internally; he would have sworn *ore rotundo*, only that it would have been uncivil, and decidedly improper.

"Very well; you are prepared to hear all!"

"All! by Jove! by Jingo! prepared for every thing."

"Then this is what I read," said I, taking up my own transcript:

"*Note.—This is to remind me, if I feel my death nigh, that I had better move to Birmingham, as burials are done cheaper there than here, where the terms of the Necropolis Company are exorbitant.*"

Fletcher bounded from his seat. "The old skinflint! miser! screw!"

"A very estimable and thrifty man, your great-uncle."

"Confounded old stingy —," and he slammed the door upon himself and the substantive which designated his uncle.

And now the very best advice we can give to our readers, is to set to work at once on the simple cipher given near the commencement of this paper, and to find it out.

HUMORS OF THE DAY

ON ANCIENTE JESTS.

THE Kynge with a goodlie companye rydinge thoro' Cheape one daye espied a very fat woman and he asked who she was, whereupon yᵉ Lord Mare with reddie wyt answered that she was Barklie and Perkyns, his stout, if it might please his Majestie; and his Majestie graciouslie replyed "Barklie and Perkyns, his stout, well pleases mee, but yt seemeth mee shee is not XXX, but XLent stout." At which every one laughed ryghte merrilie. Then the Kynge asked the Lord Mayr if he wold have that woman for hys wyfe: but quoth he, "We thanke yʳ Majᵗⁱᵉ, butt there is a proverbe 'Waist not, wante not!'" which pleased the Kynge muche, and he gave to the Lorde Mair a dygge in yᵉ rybbes, and caused him to fall off of hys horse into yᵉ Conduit, whych greatlie delyted yᵉ Kinge and his Courtiers, and he sayed "Rise uppe Sir Thommas de Muddinose." So he becaym a knight that daye. And yᵉ Chroniclers saye that Sir Tommas de Muddinose was the only Mare that ever made 2 jests, and that yᵉ Cittie of London is famous for its wittles and not for its witt.

SORR, 'Av ye plase, whist now, while ci ax ye: whin is the bist month to tell a lie in? Ye give it op, ye do? Arrah now, if ye want the bist month for a lie, what 'ud it be but *Fib*-ruary?

When is a dish-cover like an omnibus in Broadway?—When it's block't-in!

A TRYING MOMENT.—When your new coat comes home from the tailor's.

AN IRISH CAUTION.—A son of Erin cautions the public against harboring or trusting his wife Peggy on his account, as he is not married to her.

When the late Mr. Noah, who was a Jew, was a candidate for the office of sheriff of the city of New York, it was objected to his election that a Jew would thus come to have the hanging of Christians. "Pretty Christians, indeed," replied Noah, "to need hanging!"

Every body has heard of the famous letters that passed between the adverse chiefs of Tir Connell and Tyrone, the most laconic correspondence in history:

"Pay me my tribute, or if you don't—
"O'DONNELL."

"I owe you no tribute, and if I did—
"O'NEILL."

THE LAST.—"What on earth am I to do with that incorrigible son of mine?" inquired an anxious father of a friend. "Dress him in a suit of shepherd's plaid," was the reply. "Why, what possible benefit would that be?" demanded the wondering parent. "It would, at least, be the way of *keeping him in check*."

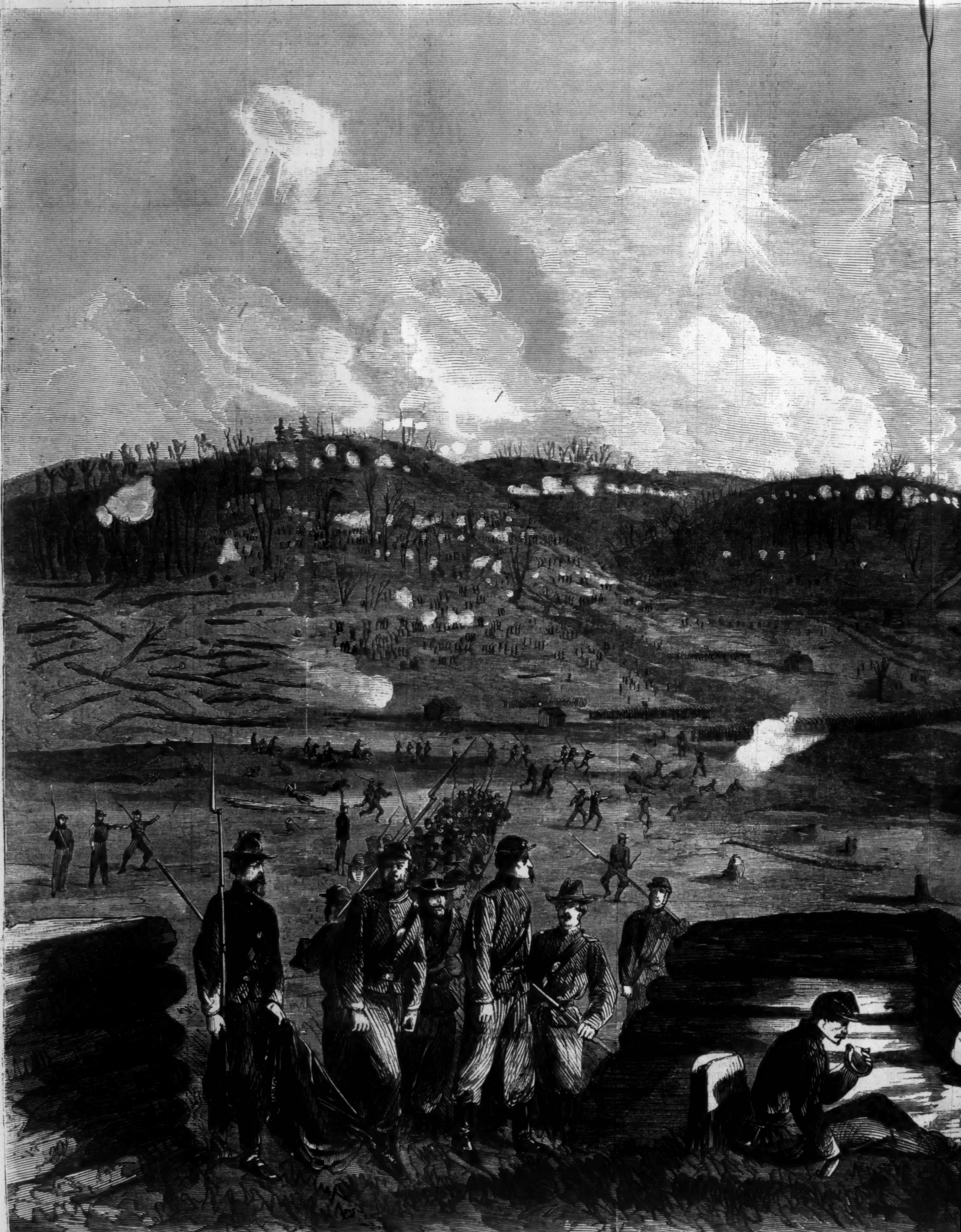
The judge interrupted Curran in the midst of his speech, when an ass began to bray under the window, by saying, "One at a time, Mr. Curran, if you please." Presently the judge began his charge to the jury, and the ass began to bray again, and Mr. Curran remarked, "Does not your lordship hear a remarkable echo in the court?"

At dinner one day Mr. Rogers related a story of a nervous gentleman who kept a fire-escape—a kind of sack, in which he could lower himself from his window. Being suddenly awakened one night by the sound, as he thought, of the wheels of a fire-engine, followed by a tremendous knocking at the door, he descended in his sack in great haste, and reached the street just in time to hand his wife (who had been to the opera) out of her carriage.

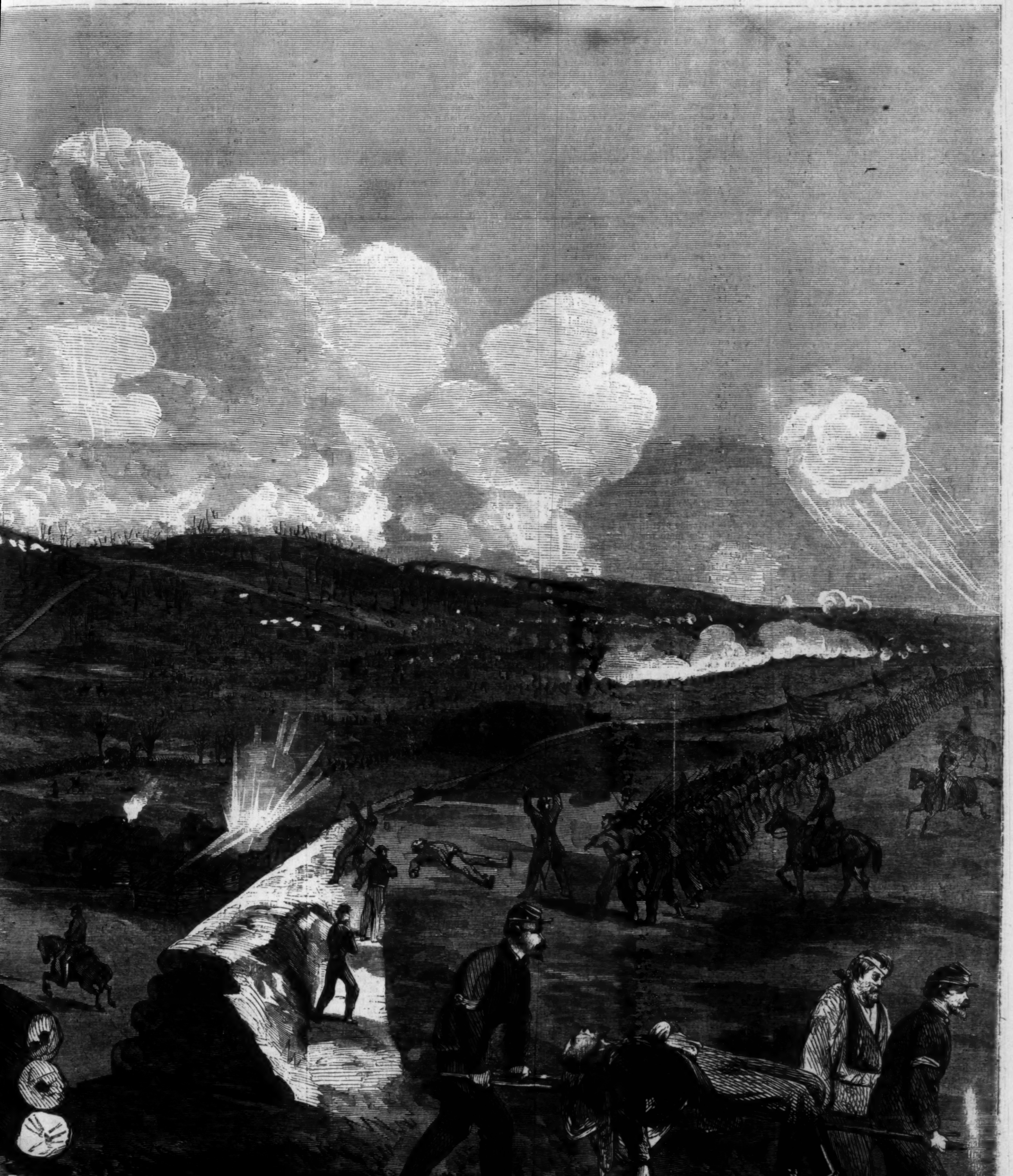
When James T. Brady first opened a lawyer's office he took a basement room which had previously been occupied by a cobbler. He was somewhat annoyed by the previous occupant's callers, and irritated by the fact that he had few of his own. One day an Irishman entered. "The cobbler's gone, I see," he said. "I should think he had," tartly responded Brady. "And what do ye sell?" he said, looking at the solitary table and a few law books. "Blockheads," responded Brady. "Be gorra," said the Irishman, "ye must be doing a mighty fine business—ye ain't got but one left."

Punch says he never could see that Canada was of much benefit to England; for all the mother country ever got from those provinces was wars, and fights, and rows—except the Canadian boat-song, and even that commences—"Row, brothers, row."

A cockney gentleman stepped up to give his testimony: "There was a vast cwowd gittin' about him, hand one said the man was killed, hand hanother said the same; hand I hexclaimed, with a loud voice, 'Hif the man is killed why don't you stand back hand give 'im a little hair?'"



THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—THE FOURTH CORPS, UNDER GENERAL GORDON GRANGER, STORMI



RMING MISSIONARY RIDGE.—SKETCHED FROM THE LEFT OF THE LINE BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 812.]

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.
AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER LII.

Both the parted lovers were wretched. Julia never complained, but drooped, and read the Psalms, and Edward detected her in tears over them. He questioned her and obtained a lame account; she being more bent on screening Alfred than on telling the truth.

So he called on the other; and found him disconsolate, and reading a Heathen philosopher for comfort, and finding none. Edward questioned him, and he was reserved, and even sulky. Sir Imperturbable persisted quietly, and he exploded, and out came his wrongs. Edward said he was a pretty fellow: and wanted it all his own way. "Suppose my mother, with her present feelings, was to take a leaf out of your book, and use all her power; where would you be then? Come, old fellow, I know what love is, and one of us *shall* have the girl he loves, unless any harm should come to my poor father owing to your blunder—oh, that would put it out of the question, I feel—but let us hope better. I pulled you out of the fire, and somehow I seem to like you better than ever after that; let me pull you out of this mess, too."

"Pull away," cried the impetuous youth. "I'll trust you with my life: ay, with more than my life, with my love; for you are the man for me: reason is always uppermost with you:

> Give me the man that is not passion's slave
> And I will wear him in my heart's core, ay—"

"Oh, bother that. If you are in earnest, don't mouth, but put on your hat and come over."

He assented; but in the middle of putting on his coat made this little observation: "Now I see how wise the ancients were: yes, friendship is better than love; calmer, more constant, free from the heats and chills of that impetuous passion; its pure bosom is ruffled by none of love's jealousies and irritabilities. Solem e mundo tollunt qui tollunt amicitiam."

"Oh, bother quoting; come and shake hands with Julia." They went over; Mrs. Dodd was in the City. Edward ushered in Alfred, saying, "Here is the other Impetuosity;" and sagely retired for a few minutes: when he came back they were sitting hand in hand, he gazing on her, she inspecting the carpet. "That is all right," said Edward, dryly: "now the next thing is, you must go back to Oxford directly, and read for your first class."

The proposal fell like a blight upon the reconciled lovers. But Edward gave potent reasons. The delays of law were endless: Alfred's defendant had already obtained one postponement of the trial on frivolous grounds. Now the Oxford examination and Doncaster races come on at a fixed date, by a Law of Nature, and admit of no "postponement swindle." "You mark my words, you will get your class before you will get your trial, and it won't hurt you to go into court a first-class man: will it? And then you won't quarrel by letter, you two, I know. Come, will you do what I tell you? or is friendship but a name? eh, Mr. Bombast?" He ended with great though quiet force: "Come, you two, which is better, to part like the scissors, or part like the thread?"

Similes are no arguments; and perhaps that is why they convince people so. Alfred capitulated to the scissors and thread; and only asked with abnormal humility to be allowed to taste the joys of reconciliation for two days: the third found him at Oxford; he called on the head of his college to explain what had prevented his return to Exeter in the October term twelve months ago, and asked for rooms. Instead of siding with a man of his own college so cruelly injured, the dignitary was alarmed by the bare accusation; and said he must consider. Insanity was a terrible thing.

"So is false accusation, and so is false imprisonment," said Hardie, bitterly.

"Unquestionably. But I have at present no means of deciding how far those words apply." In short, he could give no answer; must consult the other officers, and would convey the result by letter.

Alfred's pride was deeply mortified, not less by a certain cold repugnant manner than by the words. And there came over his heart a sickening feeling that he was now in the eyes of men an intellectual leper.

He went to another college directly, and applied to the vice-president; the vice-president sent him with a letter to the dean; the dean looked frightened, and told him hesitatingly the college was full; he might put his name down, and perhaps get in next year. Alfred retired, and learned from the porter that the college was not full. He sighed deeply, and the sickening feeling grew on him; an ineradicable stigma seemed upon him, and Mrs. Dodd was no worse than the rest of the world, then; every mother in England would approve her resolution. He wandered about the scenes of his intellectual triumphs. He stood in the great square of the schools, a place ugly to unprejudiced eyes, but withal somewhat grand and inspiring, especially to scholars who have fought their keen, though bloodless, battles there. He looked at the windows and gilt inscription of the Schola Metaphysices, in which he had met the scholars of his day and defeated them for the Ireland. He wandered into the theatre, and eyed the rostrum, whence he had not mumbled, but recited, his Latin prize poem with more than one thunder of academic applause: thunder compared with which Drury Lane's is a mere cracker. These places were unchanged; but he, sad scholar, wandered among them as if he was a ghost, and all these were stony phantoms of an intellectual past, never, never to return.

He telegraphed Sampson and Edward to furnish him with certificates that he had never been insane, but the victim of a foul conspiracy; and, when he received them, he went with them to St. Margaret's Hall; for he had bethought him that the new principal was a first-rate man, and had openly vowed he would raise that "refuge for the oft-times plowed" to a place of learning.

Hardie called, sent in his card, and was admitted to the principal's study. He was about to explain who he was, when the doctor interrupted him, and told him politely he knew him by reputation. "Tell me rather," said he, shrewdly, "to what I owe this application from an undergraduate so distinguished as Mr. Hardie?"

Then Alfred began to quake, and, instead of replying, put a hand suddenly before his face and lost courage for one moment.

"Come, Mr. Hardie," said the principal, "don't be disconcerted: a fault regretted is half atoned; and I am not disposed to be hard on the errors of youth; I mean where there is merit to balance them."

"Sir," said Alfred, sadly, "it is not a fault I have to acknowledge, but a misfortune."

"Tell me all about it," said Dr. Alder, guardedly.

He told it, omitting nothing essential that could touch the heart or excite the ironical humor of an academician.

"Well 'truth is more wonderful than fiction,'" said the doctor. And I conclude the readers of this tale are all of the doctor's opinion; so sweet to the mind is cant.

Alfred offered his certificates.

Now Dr. Alder had been asking himself in what phrases he should decline this young genius, who was sane now, but of course had been mad, only had forgotten the circumstance. But the temptation to get an Ireland scholar into his Hall suddenly overpowered him. The probability that he might get a first-class in a lucid interval was too enticing; nothing venture, nothing have. He determined to venture.

"Mr. Hardie," said he, "this house shall always be open to good morals and good scholarship while I preside over it, and it shall be open to them all the more when they come to me dignified and made sacred by 'unmerited calamity.'"

Now this fine speech, like Minerva herself, came from the head: Alfred was overcome by it to tears. At that the doctor's heart was touched, and even began to fancy it had originated that noble speech.

It was no use doing things by halves, so Dr. Alder gave Alfred a delightful set of rooms, and made the Hall pleasant to him. He was rewarded by a growing conviction that he had made an excellent acquisition. This opinion, however, was any thing but universal: and Alfred, finding the men of his own college suspected his sanity, and passed jokes behind his back, cut them all dead, and confined himself to his little Hall. There they petted him, and crowed about him, and betted on him for the schools as freely as if he was a colt the Hall was going to enter for the Derby.

He read hard, and judiciously, but without his old confidence: he became anxious and doubtful; he had seen so many first-rate men just miss a first class. The brilliant creature analyzed all his Aristotelian treatises, and wrote the synopses clear with marginal references on great pasteboard cards three feet by two, and so kept the whole subject before his eye, till he obtained a singular mastery. Same system with the historians: nor did he disdain the use of colored inks. Then the brilliant creature drew lists of all the hard words he encountered in his reading, especially in the common books, and read these lists till mastered. The stake was singularly heavy in his case, so he guarded every crevice.

And at this period he was not so unhappy as he expected. The laborious days went swiftly, and twice a week at least came a letter from Julia. Oh how his grave academic room with oaken panels did brighten when her letter lay on the table! It was opened, and seemed written with sunbeams. No quarrels on paper! Absence made the heart grow fonder. And Edward came to see him, and over their wine let out a feminine trait in Julia. "When Hurd calls she walks out of the room, just as my poor mother does when you come. That is spite: since you are sent away, nobody else is to profit by it. Where is her Christianity, eh? and echo answers, Got a cigar, old fellow?" And, after puffing in silence a while, he said, resignedly, "I am an unnatural monster."

"Oh, are you?" said the other, serenely, for he was also under the benign influence.

"Yes," said Edward, "I am your ally; and a mere spy in the camp of those two ladies. I watch all their moves for your sake."

Alfred forgave him. And thus his whole life was changed, and for nearly twelve months (for Dr. Alder let him reside in the Hall through the vacation) he pursued the quiet tenor of a student's life, interrupted at times by law; but that is another topic.

Wife and no Wife.

Mrs. Dodd was visibly shaken by that calamity which made her shrink with horror from the sight of Alfred Hardie. In the winter she was so unwell that she gave up her duties with Messrs. Cross and Co. Her connection with them had been creditable to both parties. I believe I forgot to say why they trusted her so; well, I must tell it elsewhere. David off her hands, she was independent, and had lost the motive and the heart for severe work. She told the partners she could no longer do them justice, and left them to their regret. They then advised her to set up as a milliner, and offered her credit for goods at cash prices up to two thousand pounds: she thanked them like a sorrowful queen, and went her way.

In the spring she recovered some spirit and health; but at mid-summer a great and subtle misfortune befell her. Her mind was bent on David night and day, and used to struggle to evade the laws of space, that bind its grosser companion, and find her lost husband on the sea. She often dreamt of him, but vaguely. But one fatal night she had a dream as clear as daylight, and sharp as white pebbles in the sun. She was on a large ship with guns; she saw men bring a dead sailor up the side; she saw all their faces, and the dead man's too. It was David. His face was white. A clear voice said he was to be buried in the deep next morning. She saw the deck at her feet, the breeches of the guns, so clear, so defined, that when she awoke, and found herself in the dark, she thought reality was an illusion. She told the dream to Julia and Edward. They tried to encourage her, in vain. "I saw him," she said, "I saw him; it was a vision, not a dream: my David is dead. Well, then, I shall not be long behind him."

Dr. Sampson ridiculed her dream to her face. But to her children he told another story. "I am anxious about her," he said, "most anxious. There is no mortal ill the distempered brain may not cause. Is it not devilish we can hear nothing of him? She will fret herself into the grave, as sure as fate, if something does not turn up."

Her children could not console her: they tried, but something hung round their own hearts, and chilled every effort. In a word, they shared her fears. How came she to see him on board a ship with guns? In her waking hours she always said he was on a merchant ship. Was it not one of those visions, which come to mortals and give them often a peep into broad space sometimes, and far more rarely, a peep into futurity itself.

One day in the autumn, Alfred, being in town on law business, met what seemed the ghost of Mrs. Dodd in the streets. She saw him not; her eye was on that ghastly face she had seen in her dreams. It flashed through his mind that she would not live long to part him and Julia. But he discouraged the ungenerous thought; almost forgave her repugnance to himself, and felt it would be worse than useless to ask Julia to leave her mother, who was leaving her visibly.

But her horror of him was any thing but softened; and she used to tell Dr. Sampson she thought the sight of that man would kill her now. Edward himself began to hope Alfred would turn his affections elsewhere. The house in Pembroke Street was truly the house of mourning now; all their calamities were light compared with this.

The District Visitor.

While Julia was writing letters to keep up Alfred's heart, she was very sad herself. Moreover he had left her for Oxford but a very few days when she received an anonymous letter; her first. It was written in a female hand, and couched in friendly and sympathetic terms. The writer thought it only fair to warn her that Mr. Alfred Hardie was passionately fond of a lady in the asylum, and had offered her marriage. If Miss Dodd wished to be deceived, let her burn this letter and think no more of it; if not, let her insert this advertisement in the *Times*: "The whole Truth.—L. D.," and her correspondent would communicate particulars by word or writing.

What a barbed and poisoned arrow is to the body was this letter to Julia's mind. She sat cold as a stone with this poison in her hand, Then came an impetuous impulse to send it down to Alfred, and request him to transfer the other half of his heart to his lady of the asylum. Then she paused; and remembered how much unjust suspicion had been leveled at him already. What right had she to insult him? She would try and keep the letter to herself. As to acting upon it, her good sense speedily suggested it came from the rival in question, real or supposed. "She wants to make use of me," said Julia; "it is plain Alfred does not care much for her; or why does she come to me?" She put the letter in her desk, and it rankled in her heart. Hæret lateri lethalis arundo! She trembled at herself: she felt a savage passion had been touched in her. She prayed day and night against jealousy.

But I must now, to justify my heading, skip some months, and relate a remarkable incident that befell her in the said character. On the first of August in this year, a good Christian woman, one of her patients, asked her to call on Mr. Barkington, that lodged above. "He is a decent body, miss, and between you and me, I think his complaint is, he don't get quite enough to eat."

"Barkington!" said Julia, and put her hand to her bosom. She went and tapped at his door.

"Come in," said a shrillish voice.

She entered, and found a weazened old man seated, mending his own coat.

He rose, and she told him she was a district visitor. He said he had heard of her; they called her the beautiful lady in that court. This was news to her, and made her blush. She asked leave to read a chapter to him; he listened as to some gentle memory of childhood. She prescribed him a glass of port-wine, and dispensed it on the instant. Thus physicked, her patient became communicative, and chattered on about his native place—but did not name it—and talked about the people there. Now our district visitor was, if the truth must be told, a compounder. She would permit her pupils to talk about earthly affairs, on condition they would listen to heavenly ones before she went. So she let this old man run on, and he told her he had been a banker's clerk all his life, and saved a thousand pounds, and come up to London to make his fortune on the Stock Exchange; and there he was sometimes a bull, and sometimes a bear, and, whichever he was, certain foxes called brokers and jobbers got the profit and he the loss. "It's all the same as a gambling table," said he. "The jobbers and brokers have got the same odds the bank has at Rouge et Noir, and the little capitalist like me is doomed beforehand." Then he told her that there was a crossing-sweeper near the Exchange who came from his native place, and had started as a speculator, and come down to that, only he called it rising, and used to speak with a shudder of when he dabbled in the funds: and often told him to look out and get a crossing. And lo! one day when he was cleaned out and desperate, and hovering with the other ghosts of little capitalists about the tomb of their money, he saw his countryman fall flat, and the broom fly out of his hand. Instantly he made a rush, and so did a wooden-legged sailor; but he got first to the broom, and began to sweep while others picked up his countryman, who proved dead as a herring; and he succeeded to his broom, and it made money by the Exchange, though he never could: still, one day he picked up a pocket-book in that neighborhood, with a lump of money, which he straightway advertised in—no newspapers. And now Julia thought it time to interpose the eighth commandment, the golden rule, and such branches of learning.

He became a favorite of hers: he had so much to say: she even thought she had seen his face before: but she could not tell where. She gave him good books and tracts, and read to him, and plowed his heart with her sweet voice, and sowed the good seed in the furrows—seed which, like wheat or other grain, often seems to fall flat and die, but comes out green after many days.

One Saturday she invited him to dine with the servants next day. He came during church time, and went away in the afternoon while she was with her mother. But she asked Sarah, who proved eager to talk about him. "He was a rum customer; kep asking questions all dinner-time. 'Well,' says I, 'you're good company, you are; be you a lawyer? for you examines us; but you don't tell us nothing.' Ye see, miss, Jane she is that simple, she was telling him every thing, and about Mr. Alfred's lawsuit with his father and all."

Julia said that was indiscreet; but after all what did it matter?

"Who knows, miss?" Sarah replied; "least said is soonest mended. If you please, miss, who is he? Where does he bide? Where does he come from? Does he know Hardies?"

"I should think not. Why?"

"Because I'm much mistaken if he doesn't." Then putting on a stolid look, she asked, "Does he know your papa?"

"Oh no, Sarah. How should he?"

"There now," said Sarah: "Miss, you are all in the dark about this old man: I'll tell you something; I took him out of the way of Jane's temper when she began a dishing up, and I had him into the parlor a minute; and in course there he sees the picture of your poor papa hung up. Miss, if you'll believe me, the moment he claps eyes on that there picture, he halloes out, and out goes his two hands like this here. 'It's him!' says he; 'it's him!' and stares at the picture like a stuck pig. Forgot I was close behind him, I do believe. 'She's *his* daughter,' says he, in a whisper, a curious whisper; seemed to come out of his stomach. 'What's the matter now?' says I, just so. He gave a great start, as if my speaking had wakened him from a dream, and, says he, 'Nothing,' as quiet as a lamb. 'Nothing isn't much,' says I, just so. 'It usedn't to be any thing at all when I was your age,' says he, sneerin. But I paid him in good coin; says I, 'Old man, where you comes from do the folks use to start and hallo out, and cry "It's him! she's his daughter!" and fling their two arms abroad like a wind-mill in March, and all for—nothing?' So at that he changed as white as my smock, and fell all of a tremble. However, at dinner he perks up, and drew that poor simple Jane out a good one. But he didn't look toward me much, which I set opposite to watch my lord."

"Sarah," said Julia, "this is really curious, mysterious; you are a good, watchful, faithful girl; and to tell the truth, I sometimes fancy I have seen Mr. Barkington's face; however, I will solve this little mystery to-morrow; for I will ask him: thank you, Sarah."

On Monday she called on Mr. Barkington to solve the mystery. But instead of solving her visit thickened it; for Mr. Barkington was gone, bag and baggage. When Edward was told of this business he thought it remarkable, and regretted that he had not seen the old man.

So do I; for it is my belief Edward would have recognized him.

David Dodd.

The history of a man is the history of his mind. And that is why you have heard so little of late about the simplest, noblest, and most unfortunate of all my personages. Insanity is as various as eccentricity; I have spared the kind-hearted reader some of David's vagaries; however, when we parted with him, he had settled into that strange phase of lunacy, in which the distant past seems nearly obliterated, and memory exists, but revolves in a narrow round of things present: this was accompanied with a positive illusion, to wit, a fixed idea that he was an able seaman: and, as usual, what mental power he retained came out strongest in support of this idea. All this was marked by a bodily agility somewhat more than natural in a man of his age. Owing to the wind astern he was enabled to run into Portsmouth before the steam-tug came up with him: and he did run into port, not because he

feared pursuit, but because he was desperately hungry; and he had no suicidal tendencies whatever.

He made for a public house, and called for some bread and cheese and beer; they were supplied, and then lo! he had no money to pay for them. "I'll owe you till I come back from sea, my bobo," said he, coolly. On this the landlord collared him, and David shook him off into the road, much as a terrier throws a rat from him; then there was a row, and a naval officer, who was cruising about for hands, came up and heard it. There was nothing at all unseamanlike in David's conduct, and the gentleman took a favorable view of it, and paid the small demand; but not with unleavened motives; he was the second lieutenant of H. M. Frigate *Vulture*; she had a bad name, thanks to her last captain, and was short of hands; he took David aside and asked him would he like to ship on board the *Vulture*.

David said yes, and suggested the foretop. "Oh yes," growled the lieutenant, "you all want to be there." He then gauged this Jacky Tar's intellects; asked him inter alia how to send a frigate's foretop-gallant-yard down upon deck; and, to show how seamanship sticks in the brain when once it gets there, David actually told him. "You are rather old," said the lieutenant, "but you are a seaman;" and so took him on board the *Vulture* at Spithead, before Green began to search the town in earnest. Nobody acts his part better than some demented persons do: and David made a very tolerable sailor, notwithstanding his forty-five years: and the sea did him good within certain limits. Between him and the past lay some intellectual or cerebral barrier as impenetrable as the great wall of China: but on the nither side of that wall his faculties improved. Of course the crew soon found out the gap in his poor brain, and called him Soft Billy, and played on him at first. But by degrees he won their affection; he was so wonderfully sweet-tempered: and besides, his mind being in an abnormal state, he loathed grog, and gave his allowance to his mess-mates. One day he showed an unexpected trait: they were lying becalmed in southern latitudes, and, time hanging heavy, each whiled it how he might; one fiddled, another wrote to his Polly, another fished for sharks, another whistled for a wind, scores fell into the form of meditation without the reality, and one got a piece of yarn and amused himself killing flies on the bulwark. Now this shocked poor Billy: he put out his long arm and intercepted a stroke. "What is the row?" said the operator.

"You mustn't," said Billy, solemnly, looking into his face with great dreamy eyes.

"You be ——," said the other, and lent him a tap on the cheek with the yarn. Billy did not seem to mind this; his skin had little sensibility, owing to his disorder.

Jack recommenced on his flies, and the bystanders laughed. They alway laughed now at every thing Billy said, as Society used to laugh when the late Theodore Hook asked for the mustard at dinner; and would have laughed if he had said, "You see me sad, I have just lost my poor father."

David stood looking on at the slaughter with a helpless puzzled air.

At last he seemed to have an idea, he caught Jack up by the throat and knee, lifted him with gigantic strength above his head, and was just going to hurl him shrieking into the sea, when a dozen strong hands interfered, and saved the man. Then they were going to bind Billy hand and foot; but he was discovered to be perfectly calm; so they remonstrated instead, and presently Billy's commander-in-chief, a ship-boy called Georgie White, shoved in and asked him in a shrill haughty voice how he dared do that. "My dear," said Billy, with great humility and placidity, "he was killing God's creatures, no allowance:* so, ye see, to save their lives, I was *obliged*."

At this piece of reasoning, and the simplicity and gentle conviction with which it was delivered, there was a roar. It subsided, and a doubt arose whether Billy was altogether in the wrong.

"Well," said one, "I dare say life is sweet to the little creatures, if they could speak their minds."

"I've known a ship founder in a fair breeze all along of killing 'em," said one old salt.

Finally, several sided with Billy, and intimated that "it served the lubber right for not listening to *reason*." And, indeed, methinks it was lovely and touching that so divine a ray of goodness and superior reason should have shot from his heart or from Heaven across that poor benighted brain.

But it must be owned his mode of showing his humanity was somewhat excessive and abnormal, and smacked of lunacy. After this, however, the affection of his mess-mates was not so contemptuous.

Now the captain of the *Vulture* was Billy's cousin by marriage, Reginald Bazalgette. Twenty years ago, when the captain was a boy, they were great friends; of late Bazalgette had seen less of him; still it seems strange he did not recognize him in his own ship. But one or two causes co-operated to prevent that. In the first place the mind when turned in one direction is not so sharp in another; and Captain Bazalgette had been told to look for David in a merchant ship bound for the East Indies. In the next place insanity alters the expression of the face wonderfully, and the captain of a frigate runs his eye over four hundred sailors at muster, or a hundred at work, not to examine their features, but their dress and bearing at the one, and their handiness at the other. The worst piece of luck was that Mrs. Dodd did not know David called himself William Thompson. So there stood "William Thompson" large as life on the ship's books, and nobody the wiser. Captain Bazalgette had a warm regard and affection for Mrs. Dodd, and did all he could. Indeed, he took great liberties: he stopped and overhauled several merchant ships for the truant; and, by-the-by, on one occasion William Thompson was one of the boat's crew that rowed a midshipman from the *Vulture* alongside a merchant ship to search for David Dodd: he heard the name and circumstance mentioned in the boat, but the very name was new to him. He remembered it, but only from that hour; and told his loving tyrant, Georgie White, they had been overhauling a merchant ship and looking for one David Dodd.

* Nautical phrase, meaning without stint or limit, or niggardly admeasurement; as there is of grog.

It was about mid-summer the *Vulture* anchored off one of the South Sea islands, and sent a boat ashore for fruit. Billy and his dearly beloved little tyrant, Georgie White, were among the crew. Off goes Georgie to bathe, and Billy sits down on the beach with a loving eye upon him. The water was calm: but the boy with the heedlessness of youth staid in it nearly an hour: he was seized with cramp and screamed to his comrades. They ran, but they were half a mile from the boat. Billy dashed into the water and came up with Georgie just as he was sinking for the last time; the boy gripped him; but by his great strength he disentangled himself and got Georgie on his shoulders, and swam for the shore. Meantime the sailors got into the boat, and rowed hastily toward them.

Now Billy was undermost and his head under water at times, and Georgie, some thought, had helped strangle him by gripping his neck with both arms. Anyway, by the boy's account, just as they were getting into shallow water, Billy gave a great shriek and turned over on his back; and Georgie paddled with his hands, but Billy soon after this sunk like a dead body while the boat was yet fifty yards off. And Georgie screamed and pointed to the place, and the boat came up and took Georgie in, and the water was so clear the sailors saw Billy lie motionless at the bottom, and hooked him with a boat-hook and drew him up: but his face came up alongside a deadly white, with staring eyes, and they shuddered and feared it was too late.

They took him into a house and stripped him, and rubbed him, and wrapped him in blankets, and put him by the hot fire. But all would not do.

Then having dried his clothes, they dressed the body again and laid him in the boat, and cast the Union Jack over him, and rowed slowly and unwillingly back to the ship, Georgie sobbing and screaming over the body, and not a dry eye in the boat.

The body was carried up the side, and uncovered, just as Mrs. Dodd saw in her dream. The surgeon was sent for and examined the body: and then the grim routine of a man-of-war dealt swiftly with the poor skipper. He was carried below to be prepared for a sailor's grave. Then the surgeon walked aft and reported formally to the officer of the watch the death by drowning of William Thompson. The officer of the watch went instantly to the captain in his cabin and reported the death. The captain gave the stereotyped order to bury him at noon next day; and the body was stripped that night and sewed up in his hammock with a portion of his clothes and bedding to conceal the outline of the corpse, and two cannon balls at his feet; and so the poor skipper was laid out for burial, and covered by the Union Jack.

I don't know whether any of my young readers are directly affected by the catastrophe I have just related. If not, I will just remind them that even Edward Dodd was prepared to oppose the marriage of Julia and Alfred, if any serious ill should befall his father at sea, owing to Alfred's imprudent interference in rescuing him from Drayton House.

CHAPTER LIII.

LAW.

MINUTE study of my fellow-creatures has revealed to me that there are many intelligent persons who think that a suit at law commences in court. This is not so. Many suits are fought and decided by the special pleaders, and so never come into court; and, as a stiff encounter of this kind actually took place in Hardie v. Hardie, a word of prefatory explanation may be proper. Suitors come into court only to try an issue: an issue is a mutual lie direct: and toward this both parties are driven upon paper by the laws of pleading, which may be thus summed: 1. Every statement of the adversary must either be contradicted flat, or confessed and avoided: "avoided" means neutralized by fresh matter. 2. Nothing must be advanced by plaintiff which does not disclose a ground of action at law. 3. Nothing advanced by defendant, which, if true, would not be a defense to the action. These rules exclude in a vast degree the pitiable defects and vices that mark all the unprofessional arguments one ever hears; for on a breach of any one of the said rules the other party can demur: the demurrer is argued before the judges in Banco, and, if successfully, the faulty plaint, or faulty plea, is dismissed, and often of course the cause won or lost thereby, and the country saved the trouble, and the suitors the expense, of trying an issue.

So the writ being served by Plt.'s attorney, and an appearance put in by Deft.'s, the paper battle began by Alfred Hardie, through his attorney, serving on Deft.'s attorney "THE DECLARATION." This was drawn by his junior counsel, Garrow, and ran thus, after specifying the count and the date:

Middlesex to wit. Alfred Hardie by John Compton his attorney sues Thomas Hardie For that the Deft. assaulted Plt. gave him into custody to a certain person and caused him to be imprisoned for a long space of time in a certain place to wit a Lunatic Asylum whereby the Plt. was much inconvenienced and suffered much anguish and pain in mind and body and was unable to attend to his affairs and was injured in his credit and circumstances.

And the Plt. claims £5000.

Mr. Compton conveyed a copy of this to Alfred, and said it was a beautiful declaration. "What," said Alfred, "is that all I have suffered at these miscreants' hands? Why, it is written with an icicle."

Mr. Compton explained that this was the outline; "Counsel will lay the colors on in court as thick as you like."

The defendant replied to the above declaration by three pleas.

By statute 8 & 9 Vic., c. 100, s. 105.

1. The Deft. by Joseph Heathfield his attorney says he is not guilty.

2. And for a further plea the Deft. says that before and at the time of the alleged imprisonment Plt. was a person of unsound mind and incompetent to take care of himself and a proper person to be taken care of and detained and it was unfit unsafe improper and dangerous that he should be at large thereupon the Deft. being the uncle of the Plt. and a proper person to cause the Plt. to be taken charge of under due care and treatment in that behalf did cause the Plt. to be so taken charge of and detained under due care and treatment, etc. etc.

The third plea was the stinger, but too long to cite *verbatim*; it went to this tune, that the plaintiff, at and before the time, etc., had conducted himself like a person of unsound mind, etc.; and two certificates that he was insane had been given by two persons duly authorized under the statute to sign such certificates, and the defendant had believed and did bona fide believe these certificates to be true, etc. etc.

The first of these pleas was a mere formal plea, under the statute.

The second raised the very issue at common law the plaintive wished to try.

The third made John Compton knit his brows with perplexity. "This is a very nasty plea," said he to Alfred: "a regular trap. If we join issue on it we must be defeated; for how can we deny the certificates were in form; and yet the plaguy thing is not loose enough to be demurred to. Colls, who drew these pleas for them?"

"Mr. Colvin, Sir."

"Make a note to employ him in our next stiff pleading."

Alfred was staggered. He had thought to ride rough-shod over defendant: a common expectation of plaintiffs: but seldom realized. Lawyers fight hard. The pleas were taken to Garrow; he said there was but one course: to demur to No. 3. So the plaintiff "joined issue on all the defendant's pleas, and as to the last plea the plaintiff said the same was bad in substance." Defendant rejoined that the same was good in substance, and thus Hardie v. Hardie divided itself into two cases, a question of law for the judges, and an issue for the mixed tribunal loosely called a jury. And I need hardly say that should the plaintiff win one of them, and the defendant the other, the cause would be won by the defendant.

Postponing the history of the legal question, I shall show how Messrs. Heathfield fought off the issue, and cooled the ardent Alfred and sickened him of law.

In theory every Englishman has a right to be tried by his peers; but in fact there are five gentlemen in every court, each of whom has by precedent the power to refuse him a jury, by simply postponing the trial term after term, until the death of one of the parties, when the action, if a personal one, dies too; and, by a singular anomaly of judicial practice, if a slippery Deft. can't persuade A. or B., judges of the common law court, to connive at what I venture to call

THE POSTPONEMENT SWINDLE,

he can actually go to C. D. and E., one after another, with his rejected application, and the previous refusal of the other judges to delay and baffle justice goes for little or nothing; so that the postponing swindler has five to one in his favor.

Messrs. Heathfield began this game unluckily. They applied to a judge in chambers for a month to plead. Mr. Compton opposed in person, and showed that this was absurd. The judge allowed them only four days to plead. Issue being joined, Mr. Compton pushed on for trial, and the cause was set down for the November term. Toward the end of the term Messrs. Heathfield applied to one of the puisné judges for a postponement, on the ground that a principal witness could not attend. Application was supported by the attorney's affidavit to the effect that Mr. Speers was in Boulogne, and had written to him to say that he had met with a railway accident, and feared he could not possibly come to England in less than a month. A respectable French doctor confirmed this by certificate. Compton opposed, but the judge would hardly hear him, and postponed the trial as a matter of course: this carried it over the sittings into next term. Alfred groaned, but bore it patiently; not so Doctor Sampson: he raged against secret tribunals: "See how men deteriorate the moment they get out of the full light of publeecity. What English judge, sitting in the light of Short-hand, would admit 'Jack swears that Gill says' for legal evidence. Speers has sworn to no facks. Heathfield has sworn to no facks but th' existence of Speers's hearsay. They are a couple o lyres. I'll bet ye ten pounds t' a shilling Speers is as well as I'm."

Mr. Compton quietly reminded him there was a direct statement—the French doctor's certificate.

"A medical certificut!" shrieked Sampson, amazed. "Mai—dearr—Sirr, a medical certificut is just an article o commerce—like an attorney's conscience. Gimme a guinea and I'll get *you* sworn sick, diseased, disabled, or dead this minute, whichever you like best."

"Come, doctor, don't fly off: you said you'd bet ten pounds to a shilling Speers is not an invalid at all. I say done."

"Done."

"How will you find out?"

"How? Why set the thief-takers on um, to be sure."

He wrote off to the prefect of police at Boulogne, and in four days received an answer headed, "Information in the interest of families." The prefect informed him there had been no railway accident: but that the Sieur Speers, English subject, had really hurt his leg getting out of a railway carriage six weeks ago, and had kept his room some days; but he had been cured some weeks, and going about his business, and made an excursion to Paris.

On this Compton offered him the shilling. But he declined to take it. "The lie was self-evident," said he: "and here's a judge wouldn't see't, and an attorney couldn't. Been all their lives sifting evidence too. Oh the darkness of the professional mind!"

The next term came. Mr. Compton delivered the briefs and fees, subpœnaed the witnesses, etc., and Alfred came up with a good heart to get his stigma removed by twelve honest men in the light of day; but first one case was taken out of its order and put before him, then another, till term wore near an end. Then Messrs. Heathfield applied to another judge of the court for a postponement. Mr. Richard Hardie, plaintiff's father, a most essential witness, was ill at Clare Court. Medical certificate and letter herewith.

Compton opposed. Now this judge was a keen and honorable lawyer, with a lofty hatred of all professional tricks. He heard the two attorneys, and delivered himself to this effect, only of course in better legal phrase: "I shall make no order. The defendant has been here before on a doubtful affidavit. You know, Mr. Heathfield, juries in these cases go by the plaintiff's evidence, and his conduct under cross-examination. And I think it would not be just nor humane to keep this plaintiff in suspense, and civiliter mortuum, any longer. You can take out a commission to examine Richard Hardie."

To this Mr. Compton nailed him, but the commission took time; and while it was pending, Mr. Heathfield went to another judge with another disabled witness; Peggy Black. That naïve personage was nursing her deceased sister's children—in an affidavit: and they had scarlatina—surgeon's certificate to that effect. Compton opposed, and pointed out the blot. "You don't want the children in the witness-box," said he: "and we are not to be robbed of our trial because one of your witnesses prefers nursing other people's children to facing the witness-box."

The judge nodded assent. "I make no order," said he.

Mr. Heathfield went out from his presence and sent a message by telegraph to Peggy Black. "You must have Scar. yourself, and telegraph the same at once, certificate by post."

The accommodating maiden telegraphed back that she had unfortunately taken scarlatina of the children: medical certificate to follow by post. Four judges out of the five were now awake to the move. But Mr. Heathfield tinkered the hole in his late affidavit with Peggy's telegram, and slipped down to Westminster to the chief judge of the court, who had had no opportunity of watching the growth and dissemination of disease among Deft.'s witnesses. Compton fought this time by counsel and with a powerful affidavit. But luck was against him. The judge had risen to go home: he listened standing; Compton's counsel was feeble; did not feel the wrong: how could he? lawyers fatten by delays of justice, as physicians do by tardy cure. The postponement was granted.

Alfred cursed them all, and his own folly in believing that an alleged lunatic would be allowed fair play at Westminster or any where else. Compton took snuff, and Sampson appealed to the press again. He wrote a long letter exposing with fearless irony the postponement swindle as it had been worked in Hardie v. Hardie: and wound up with this fiery peroration:

"This Englishman sues not merely for damages, but to recover lost rights dearer far than money, of which he says he has been unjustly robbed; his right to walk in daylight on the soil of his native land without being seized, and tied up for life like a nigger or a dog; his footing in society; a chance to earn his bread; and a place among mankind: ay, among mankind; for a lunatic is an animal in the law's eye and society's, and an alleged lunatic is a lunatic till a jury clears him.

"I appeal to you, gentlemen, is not such a suitor sacred in all wise and good men's minds? Is he not defendant as well as plaintiff? Why his stake is enormous compared with the nominal defendant's; and, if I know right from wrong, to postpone his trial a fourth time would be to insult Divine justice, and trifle with human misery, and shock the common sense of nations."

The doctor's pen neither clipped the words nor minced the matter you see. Reading this

the water came into Alfred's eyes: "Ah, stanch friend," he said, "how few are like you! To the intellectual dwarfs who conspire with my oppressors, Hardie v. Hardie is but a family squabble. Parvis omnia parva." Mr. Compton read it too; and said from the bottom of his heart, "Heaven defend us from our friends! This is enough to make the courts decline to try the case at all."

And, indeed, it did not cure the evil: for next term another malade affidavitaire was set up. Speers to wit. This gentleman deposed to having come over on purpose to attend the trial; but, having inadvertently stepped aside as far as *Wales*, he lay there stricken with a mysterious malady, and had just strength to forward medical certificate. On this the judge, in spite of remonstrance, adjourned Hardie v. Hardie to the summer term. Summer came, the evil day drew nigh: Mr. Heathfield got the venue changed from Westminster to London, which was the fifth postponement. At last the cause came on: the parties and witnesses were all in court, with two whole days to try it in.

Dr. Sampson rushed in furious. "There is some devilry afloat," said he. "I was in the House of Commons last night, and there I saw the defendant's counsel earwigging the judge."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Compton, "such suspicions are ridiculous. Do you think they can talk of nothing but Hardie v. Hardie?"

"Mai—dearr Sirr—my son met one of Heathfield's clerks at dinner, and he let out that the trile was not to come off. Put this and that together now."

"It will come off," said Mr. Compton, "and in five minutes at farthest."

In less than that time the learned judge came in, and before taking his seat made this extraordinary speech.

"I hear this cause will take three days to try: and we have only two days before us. It would be inconvenient to leave it unfinished; and I must proceed on circuit the day after to-morrow. It must be a remanet: no man can do more than time allows."

Plaintiff's counsel made a feeble remonstrance; then yielded. And the crier with sonorous voice called on the case of Bread v. Cheese, in which there were pounds at stake but no principle. Oh, with what zest they all went into it; being small men escaping from a great thing to a small one. Never hopped frogs into a ditch with more alacrity. Alfred left the court and hid himself, and the scalding tears forced their way down his cheeks at this heartless proceeding: to let all the witnesses come into court at a vast expense to the parties: and raise the cup of justice to the lips of the oppressed, and then pretend he knew a trial would last more than two days, and so shirk it. "I'd have made that a reason for sitting till midnight," said poor Alfred; "not for prolonging a poor injured man's agony four mortal months." He then prayed God earnestly for this great postponer's death as the only event that could give him back an Englishman's right of being tried by his peers, and so went down to Oxford broken-hearted.

As for Sampson he was most indignant, and said a public man had no business with a private ear: and wanted to appeal to the press again: but the doughty doctor had a gentle but powerful ruler at home, as fiery horses are best ruled by a gentle hand. Mrs. Sampson requested him to write no more, but look round for an M.P. to draw these repeated defeats of justice to the notice of the House. Now there was a Mr. Bite, who had taken a prominent and honorable part in lunacy questions; headed committees and so on: this seemed the man. Dr. Sampson sent him a letter saying there was a flagrant case of a sane man falsely imprisoned, who had now been near a year applying for a jury, and juggled out of this constitutional right by arbitrary and unreasonable postponements: would Mr. Bite give him (Dr. Sampson) ten minutes and no more, when he would explain the case and leave documentary evidence behind him for Mr. Bite to test his statement. The philanthropical M.P. replied promptly in these exact words:

"Mr. Bite presents his compliments to Dr. Sampson to state that it is impossible for him to go into his case, nor to give him the time he requests to do so."

Sampson was a little indignant at the man's insolence; but far more at having been duped by his public assumption of philanthrophy. "The little pragmatical impostor!" he roared. "With what a sense o' relief th' animal flings off the mask of humanity when there is no easy éclat to be gained by putting 't on." He sent the philanthropical Bite's revelation of his private self to Alfred, who returned it with this single remark: "Homunculi quanti sunt!"

Dishonest suitors all try to postpone; but they do not gain unmixed good thereby. These delays give time for more evidence to come in; and this slow coming, and chance, evidence is singularly adverse to the unjust suitor. Of this came a notable example in October next, and made Richard Hardie determine to precipitate the trial, and even regret he had not fought it out long ago.

He had just returned from consulting Messrs. Heathfield, and sat down to a nice little dinner in his apartments (Sackville Street), when a visitor was announced; and in came the slouching little figure of Mr. Barkington alias Noah Skinner.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

Mr. Hardie suppressed a start, and said nothing. Skinner bowed low with a mixture of his old cringing way, and a certain sly triumphant leer, so that his body seemed to say one thing, and his face the opposite. Mr. Hardie eyed him and saw that his coat was rusty, and his hat napless; then Mr. Hardie smelt a beggar, and prepared to parry all attempts upon his purse.

"I hope I see my old master well," said Skinner, coaxingly.

"Pretty well in body, Skinner; thank you."

"I had a deal of trouble to find you, Sir. But I heard of the great lawsuit between Mr. Alfred and you, and I knew Mr. Heathfield was your solicitor. So I watched at his place day after day: and at last you came. Oh, I was so pleased when I saw your noble figure; but I wouldn't speak to you in the street, for fear of disgracing you; I'm such a poor little guy to be addressing a gentleman like you."

Now this sounded well on the surface, but below there was a subtle something Mr. Hardie did not like at all: but he took the cue, and said, "My poor Skinner, do you think I would turn up my nose at a faithful old servant like you? have a glass of wine with me, and tell me how you have been getting on." He went behind a screen and opened a door, and soon returned with a decanter, leaving the door opened: now in the next room sat, unbeknown to Skinner, a young woman with white eye-lashes, sewing buttons on Mr. Hardie's shirts. That astute gentleman gave her instructions, and important ones too, with a silent gesture; then reappeared and filled the bumper high to his faithful servant. They drank one another's healths with great cordiality, real or apparent. Mr. Hardie then asked Skinner carelessly, if he could do anything for him. Skinner said, "Well, Sir, I am very poor."

"So am I between you and me," said Mr. Hardie, confidentially: "I don't mind telling *you;* those confounded Commissioners of Lunacy wrote to Alfred's trustees, and I have been forced to replace a loan of five thousand pounds. That Board always sides with the insane. That crippled me, and drove me to the Exchange: and now what I have left is all invested in time-bargains. A month settles my fate: a little fortune, or absolute beggary."

"You'll be lucky, Sir, you'll be lucky," said Skinner, cheerfully; "you have such a long head: not like poor little me. The Exchange soon burnt my earnings. Not a shilling left of the thousand pounds, Sir, you were so good as to give me for my faithful services. But you will give me another chance, Sir, I know; I'll take better care this time." Mr. Hardie shook his head sorrowfully, and said it was impossible. Skinner eyed him askant, and remarked, quietly, and half aside, "Of course I *could* go to the other party: but I shouldn't like to do that. They would come down handsome."

"What other party?"

"La, Sir, what other party? why Mrs. Dodd's, or Mr. Alfred's; here's the trial coming on, you know, and of course if they could get me to go on the box and tell all I know, or half what I know, why the judge and jury would say locking Mr. Alfred up for mad was a conspiracy."

Mr. Hardie quaked internally; but he hid it grandly, and once more was a Spartan gnawed beneath his robe by this little fox: "What," said he, sternly, "after all I and mine have done for you and yours, would you be so base as to go and sell yourself to my enemies?"

"Never, Sir," shouted Skinner, zealously: then in a whisper, "not if you'll make a bid for me."

"How much do you demand?"

"Only another thousand, Sir."

"A thousand pounds!"

"Why, what is that to you, Sir: you are rich enough to buy the eighth commandment out of the tables of ten per cent.: and then the lawsuit, Hardie versus Hardies!"

"You have spoken plainly at last," said Mr. Hardie, grimly. "This is extorting money by threats. Do you know that nothing is more criminal, nor more easy to punish? I can take you before a magistrate, and imprison you on the instant for this attempt. I will, too."

"Try it," said Skinner, coolly. "Where's your witness?"

"Behind that screen."

Peggy came forward directly, with a pen in her hand. Skinner was manifestly startled and disconcerted. "I have taken all your words down, Mr. Skinner," said Peggy, softly: then to her master, "Shall I go for a policeman, Sir?"

Mr. Hardie reflected. "Yes," said he, sternly: "there's no other course with such a lump of treachery and ingratitude as this."

Peggy whipped on her bonnet.

"What a hurry you are in!" whined Skinner; "a policeman ought to be the last argument for old friends to run to." Then, fawning spitefully, "Don't talk of indicting me, Sir," said he; "it makes me shiver: why how will you look when I up and tell them all how Captain Dodd was took with apoplexy in our office, and how you nailed fourteen thousand pounds off his senseless body, and forgot to put them down in your balance-sheet, so they are not whitewashed off like the rest."

"Any witnesses to all this, Skinner?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Who?"

"Well; your own conscience, *for one,*" said Skinner.

"He is mad, Peggy," said Mr. Hardie, shrugging his shoulders. He then looked Skinner full in the face, and said, "Nobody was ever seized with apoplexy in my office. Nobody ever gave me £14,000, and if this is the probable tale with which you come here to break the law and extort money, leave my house this instant: and if ever you dare to utter this absurd and malicious slander, you shall lie within four stone walls, and learn what it is for a shabby vagabond to come without a witness to his back, and libel a man of property and honor."

Skinner let him run on in this loud, triumphant strain till he had quite done; then put out a brown skinny finger, and poked him lightly in the ribs, and said, quite quietly, and oh, so dryly, with a knowing wink,

"I've—got—THE RECEIPT."

THE BATTLE OF CHATTANOOGA.

WE devote pages 808 and 809 to an illustration of a scene in the great battle of Chattanooga, from a sketch by Mr. Theodore R. Davis. Mr. Davis writes:

"THE STORMING OF MISSIONARY RIDGE, NOVEMBER 25, 1863, BY THE FOURTH CORPS.

"HEAD-QUARTERS MAJOR-GENERAL GORDON GRANGER, CHATTANOOGA, *Nov.* 27.

"On Wednesday afternoon the Fourth Corps was ordered to carry the rifle-pits at the base of Missionary Ridge. After the carrying of these works it was discovered that they were so commanded by the guns upon the ridge that, in order to hold the works, the ridge itself must be taken. *Which*

THE CAPTURE OF ORCHARD KNOB, CHATTANOOGA, BY HAZEN'S AND WILLICH'S BRIGADES, DEPLOYED AS SKIRMISHERS, NOVEMBER 23, 1863.

SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 813.]

was done. How, would take more space than I can give.

"The color-sergeant of the Seventy-ninth Indiana, Henry C. Lawrence, carried his colors far in advance of his regiment, which was the first to commence the ascent. The whole army are admiring him.

"Such a quantity of prisoners came into the keeping of the provost marshal of the corps, Captain Kaldenbaugh, that it was thought at one time another corps would have to be ordered up to take them in hand."

On page 812 we give

THE CAPTURE OF ORCHARD KNOB.

Mr. Davis writes:

"Head-quarters Major-General Gordon Granger, Nov. 27, 1863.

"On Monday afternoon, the 23d inst., the division of General Wood was ordered to make a reconnoissance toward Orchard Knob—a commanding position held by the rebels within range of the guns of Fort Wood. The division formed outside of our fortifications, General Hazen on the right, Willich in the centre, and General Beatty on the left. The division advanced with the Fifth Kentucky, Ninety-third Ohio, Eighth Kansas, and Eighty-ninth Illinois as skirmishers. These carried this important position with splendid gallantry."

THE LOSS OF THE "ISAAC NEWTON."

We illustrate on this page the burning of the Hudson River steamer *Isaac Newton*, which took place on the night of 5th inst., off Fort Washington. The following account of the catastrophe is condensed from the *Herald* report:

It appears that the *Isaac Newton*—one of the finest steamboats running on the Hudson River, between this city and Albany—left her wharf, at the foot of Cortlandt Street, about six o'clock on Saturday evening, under the command of Captain Peck. She had between 150 and 200 passengers on board at the time, besides the usual quantity of freight and her ordinary complement of firemen, deck hands, etc. She went along very smoothly and quietly for about an hour, when suddenly a tremendous explosion occurred on board, and in an instant all was confusion and alarm. The large boiler had exploded, scattering an unlimited amount of pent-up steam and boiling water into every exposed portion of the vessel. The furnaces, which were in close proximity to the boiler, were blown into pieces by the tremendous force of the explosion, and the red-hot coals and burning wood were in consequence cast about the steamboat, setting fire to it, and thereby adding tenfold to the horror of the situation. The luckless vessel was in a few minutes under the full control of the fiery element, and to attempt to describe the scene would be a fruitless task.

Fortunately very few of the passengers were on the open decks, where they would have been exposed to the horrible dangers of death by scalding or burning. It was just about the time when most of the passengers were at their supper, or preparing for a comfortable nap in their berths, expecting to wake up all safe and sound in Albany. The lady passengers were cozily settled in the cabin, and the men were either in the after portion of the vessel smoking, or, as stated above, eating their suppers in the refectory.

In the mean time the signals of distress were answered from the shore at each side. A propeller, called the *Daniel P. Miller*, and the tow-boat *Herald* soon got near the burning steamer and took off most of the passengers half dead from fear and excitement. Several canal-boats also came up in good time, and did good service in rescuing the passengers. A number of row-boats put out from the shore, and it is said a few of the passengers availed themselves of these light barks to reach the friendly land once more.

Four person are known to have been killed and fifteen others injured perhaps fatally.

CHARLES G. GUNTHER, THE MAYOR ELECT.—[Photographed by Brady.]

THE MAYOR ELECT.

Hon. Charles Godfrey Gunther was born in New York, on 7th April, 1822, and with his father and one of his brothers carries on a large fur business there. Before he was of age to vote he was an active working member of the Democratic party, and subsequently became a member of the Young Men's Democratic General Committee, of which body he was several times chairman. In 1855 he was elected a Governor of the Alms-house, and became afterward President of the Board. In 1861 he ran unsuccessfully for Mayor, Mr. Opdyke winning the day. On the 1st of the month he ran a second time, and was elected over the Republican candidate, Mr. Blunt, on the one hand, and over the nominee of Mozart and Tammany, Mr. Boole, on the other.

Mr. Gunther is greatly respected as a high-toned, honorable merchant. In politics he has hitherto been a Hard-shell Democrat. We believe, however, that he has been unjustly classed with the peace party

THE SOWING OF THE AGES.

Steadily the Ages sow
Ever-living seeds—
Many-germed seeds;
And the flowers come and go,
Though the blinded generations
Scorn them as the weeds.

Seeds of truth and seeds of right—
Strong perennial seeds—
Ever-growing seeds;
And the harvests ripen bright
Though the generations count them
Not among their needs.

They are beaten down in wrath—
Madly beaten down—
Vainly beaten down;
And they spring up in the path,
Prickly, of the generations
That their growth disown.

Sharper leaves from tougher roots,
Growing bloomless fast—
Growing earless fast;
Till a crop of steel upshoots,
Spearing through the generations
Prone upon it cast.

And this last crop of the seeds
Surely must be good—
Must be wondrous good;
Precious crop for sorest needs,
For the prostrate generations
Water it with blood.

DESTRUCTION OF THE HUDSON RIVER STEAMBOAT "ISAAC NEWTON" BY FIRE, DECEMBER 5, 1863.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade.*

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one call on A. MORTON, No. 25 Maiden Lane, or inclose stamp for circular.

Sixth Thousand Ready Next Week.

Bayard Taylor's Novel.

HANNAH THURSTON.

A

Story of American Life.

The critics of the press are nearly unanimous in its praise. From among notices and reviews we extract the following:

From the N. Y. Independent.
"Mr. Taylor has written a good novel."
From the N. Y. Daily Times.
"There is life and individuality about his portraits."
From tho Boston Transcript.
"To us its signal merits is its truth."
From the Boston Gazette.
"Will meet the commendation of thinking women."
From the Albany Evening Journal.
"Hannah Thurston will be eagerly read."
From the Philadelphia Daily Press.
"Will greatly increase the author's fame."
From the Lockport Journal.
"The book is one of marked and positive character."
From the Philadelphia North American
"Eminently successful as a novel, riter."
From Harper's Weekly.
"He has written his name on the popular heart."
From the Boston Daily Traveller.
"The characters are such as we meet every day."
From the Philadelphia City Item.
"An original, witty, delightful, refreshing novel."
From the Albany Journal. (Second Notice.)
"A book of great power. Better than a satire."
From the Norfolk Journal.
"A model of graceful and correct English."
From the Boston Post.
"Full of incident, poetry, love, et id omne genus."
From the N. Y. Tribune.
"Graphic and impressive passages with which it abounds."
From the Home Journal.
"Like all that has gone before, glowing and graphic."
From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.
"Many new admirers will read it with pleasure."
From the New Bedford Mercury.
"It is one of the books to be bought."

Price $1 50.

G. P. PUTNAM, Publisher, No. 441 Broadway, N. Y.

*** Copies sent by mail.

J. W. EVERETT & CO.,
METROPOLITAN
PURCHASING AGENCY.

We will forward to any address, on receipt of order (accompanied by cash), ANY ARTICLE required by the Army, the Navy, or the People, at the LOWEST Prices, JEWELRY, BOOKS, ALBUMS, PHOTOGRAPHS, PLAYING CARDS, MUSIC, PUBLICATIONS, etc., etc.

We will forward CAMP PHOTOGRAPHS (from life) of any of the Prominent Officers of the Army and Navy, Statesmen, Divines, Actors, Foreign Celebrities, &c., at 20 cents each, six for $1, or a dozen for $1 80, FREE by mail.

Dominoes for the Million.

AMERICAN PAPIER DOMINOES.—This excellent article, being neat, durable, and a perfect substitute for the more expensive kinds. Single sets, 15 cents, per mail; per doz., $1 50; per 100, $10. Address as above.

Union Badge.

PER HUNDRED,
$108—8 for $1.
SINGLE BADGES, 15 cents.
Sent free by Express or Mail.
Address
J. W. EVERETT & CO.,
111 Fulton Street.
or P. O. Box. 1614,
New York City.

☞ Send for Circular.

$50 for $20.

SOLDIERS IN THE ARMY.

For **$20** we will forward by mail or express, pre-paid, the following list of Fine Gold-Plated Jewelry:—4 Vest Chains, 12 Gent.'s Seal Rings, 3 Gold Pens and Extension Holders, 6 Vest Hooks, 4 Fancy Watch Keys, 12 Bosom or Scarf Pins, 4 pair Sleeve Buttons, 3 Box and Glass Pins for Miniatures, 3 Double Glass Lockets, and 3 Cluster Stone Pins. Address THOMAS CAFFERTEY & CO., Providence, R. I.

Portable Printing Offices.

For the Army and Navy Hospitals, Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to print neatly, cheaply, and expeditiously. Circular sent free. Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., six cents. Adams Press Co., 31 Park Row, N. Y., and 35 Lincoln St., Boston.

Broker's Stock of unredeemed goods for sale at $1 for each article, consisting of a variety of rich and valuable goods worth from **75 cents** to **$3 00** each. Any person sending 25 cents, we will inform them in advance what article they will receive. For other inducements, send 3 cents for circular. Address

ANDREWS & CO., 108 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.

Family Medicine.

By having the BRANDRETH PILLS on hand, should a sudden attack of sickness occur, they can be given at once, and often will have effected a cure before the physician arrives.

As a Billous remedy, and for costiveness, they have no equal.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 294 Canal Street.
Sold also at No. 4 UNION SQUARE, and by dealers.

KENDALL'S AMBOLINE.

Kendall's Amboline for the Hair is a purely vegetable compound. It will prevent the hair from falling out or turning gray. Cures diseases of the scalp, eradicates dandruff, and as a dressng is superior to all other preparations.

MISS FANNY SEFTON, the beautiful and talented actress, says, "I have used Kendall's Amboline for my hair, and find it a very superior article. I have no hesitation in recommending it to every lady who desires a full and luxuriant head of hair"

KENDALL'S AMBOLINE is put up in boxes containing two bottles, price $1. Sold by all Druggists. Depot 506 Broadway, N. Y.

Cavalry and Artillery.

Solid Silver, $1 25. Solid Silver, $1 25.

Solid 18 k. Gold, $5 00. Solid 18 k. Gold, $5 00.

Sent by mail on receipt of Price. Also all kinds Corps, Co., and Division Pins, engraved to order, by the single one, 100, or 1000, and sent to any part of the country. Terms cash in advance. Send for a circular. Address

DROWNE & MOORE,
Manufacturing Jewelers, 208 Broadway, New York.

$151 a year pays Board and Tuition at Hudson River Institute, Claverack, N. Y. Superior English, Normal, Classical, French, Musical, Painting, Military and Commercial Departments (both sexes). Jan. 2 Term opens. 18 Instructors. Rev. ALONZO FLACK, A.M., Principal.

American Card Company's
New Union Playing Cards.
National Emblems.

Goddess of Liberty of Eagles

The suits are EAGLES, SHIELDS, STARS, and FLAGS. Colonel in place of King; Goddess of Liberty for Queen; Major for Jack.

The Union Playing Cards are the first and only genuine American Cards ever produced, and as they are entered according to Act of Congress, they can be manufactured only by the American Card Company.

The Cards are rapidly taking the place of Cards bearing Foreign emblems. The demand for them is unprecedented in the Card Trade, and they will soon become the Leading Card in the American market.

In playing with these Cards, they are to be called by the names the emblems represent, and as the emblems are as familiar as household words everywhere among the people of the American Republic, they can be used as readily the first occasion as cards bearing Foreign emblems.

The Union Cards are the most pleasing and attractive card ever made. They are produced in the highest style of the art, and each pack is put up in an elegant Card Case, suitable to keep them in when not in use, and then in handsome dozen boxes for the trade.

Two Sample Packs in Card Cases, sent, post-paid, on receipt of $1. Address

AMERICAN CARD COMPANY.
455 Broadway, or 165 William St., N. Y.

ECONOMY, DURABILITY, and CONVENIENCE.—The "Star" *No Chimney* Burner, for Kerosene Oil Lamps, patented Aug. 11th, '63, gives a brilliant light free from smoke or smell. It can be carried and handled freely without being extinguished. The latest and acknowledged the best invention of the kind. Warranted as represented. Sample sent, post-paid, for 35 cents. Circulars free. Agents wanted.

PETER ESSIG & CO., Manufacturers,
No. 2 Platt Street, N. Y.

When the Boys Come Home. "Mother would comfort Me." Two new songs by composer of "When this Cruel War is over," each 25 c. "Bugle Call," 50 new patriotic songs and quartettes, 50 c. Silk and Italian violin strings, 25 c. mailed.

FREDERICK BLUME, 208 Bowery, N. Y.

Cloaks and Mantillas.
BRODIE,
The Leader of Fashions!

Opened his Fall Stock on Thursday, 8th inst.,

And as usual stands unrivaled for Style, Quality, AND VARIETY.

300 Canal Street, New York.

American Watches
For Soldiers
AT REDUCED PRICES.

American Watches for Americans!

THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY give notice that they have lately issued a new style of Watch, expressly designed for Soldiers and others who desire a good watch at a moderate price. These watches are intended to displace the worthless, cheap watches of British and Swiss manufacture with which the country is flooded, and which were never expected to keep time when they were made, being refuse manufactures sent to this country because unsalable at home, and used here only for *jockeying* and *swindling* purposes.

We offer to sell our Watch, which is of THE MOST SUBSTANTIAL MANUFACTURE, AN ACCURATE AND DURABLE TIME-KEEPER, and in Sterling Silver Cases, Hunting pattern, at nearly as low a price as is asked for the fancy-named *Ancres* and *Lepines* of foreign make, already referred to.

We have named the new series of Watches, WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass., which name will be found on the plate of every watch of this manufacture, and is one of our trade-marks.

Sold by all respectable watch dealers in the loyal states. Wholesale orders should be addressed to

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents of the American Watch Company,
182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

THE "RIDGEWOOD" PATENT
SMOKING CASE.

A Beautiful Holiday Gift.

Most ingenious in its combination of the *Metallic Case*, containing *Pipe* and *Stem*, Matches and Pipe Cleaner, with a handsome *Tobacco Pouch* attached, filling the Pipe by a valve, without use of the fingers or waste of Tobacco, the whole securing freedom from all odor, and *portable as a Cigar Case.* It is made for service, of various styles, at $1 50, $2 00, $2 25, $2 50, and $3 00 to $3 75 and $5 00; the two latter *richly plated and engraved.* Nothing can excel its *Comfort, Utility,* and *Economy* for all Smokers, at HOME or ABROAD, in the ARMY and NAVY. As a *Present* to Friends, as a GIFT FROM THE LADIES, nothing could be more acceptable. FOR THE SOLDIER OF ALL RANKS, *in Camp or on the March,* IT IS INVALUABLE. *Large Orders,* with commendation from all points IN THE ARMY, daily attest this fact.

Also, **The Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco,**

Of *superior quality and flavor,* in packages to fill the pouch (about a week's smoking, $2 25 per doz.), and larger sizes for the General Trade. SMOKERS, DEALERS, and SUTLERS invited to *call* and examine these Goods. Circulars sent on order. A LIBERAL DISCOUNT to Dealers. *Single Cases* sent by mail, *paid,* on receipt of *price* and 25 cents.

RIDGEWOOD MANUFACTURING CO.,
OFFICE **429** BROADWAY, cor. Howard Street, N. Y.

H. A. HARVEY, 84 Maiden Lane, N. Y., **TWINES**, Ropes, **CORDAGE**, and Yarn, Steam Packing, Wick, **CARPET WARP**, Fish Lines, Blocking Cord, Loom Cord and Surgeons' Tow, Writing and Wrapping **PAPER**, Envelopes, and Paper Bags.

Presents! Presents!
Soldier's Head-Quarters.
Rare Chance for AGENTS.
Head-Quarters for Army Corps Pins.

Any one wishing to become my Agent, or wishing to purchase any thing in the Jewelry or Gold Pen and Pencil line, I will send as sample, on the receipt of $1, together with my wholesale circular with full instructions and Premiums to Agents either a fine Gold Pen, with Extension Case and Pencil, or a fine engraved Spring Locket or Bracelet, or California Diamond Seal Stone Ring, or a new style Vest Chain or Neck Chain, or a beautiful set of Jewelry. Also a Solid Silver Shield, or either Army Corps, Division, or Co. Pin, or the Kearney Cross Pin, with your Name, Regiment, and Co. handsomely engraved upon it. 15 per ct. allowed Agents on Corps Pins.

B. T. HAYWARD,
Manufacturing Jeweler, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

Sportsmen, Tourists, and Army and Navy Officers.
Powerful and Brilliant Double Glasses.

Portability combined with great power in *Field, Marine, Tourists', Opera,* and general out-door day and night double perspective glasses, will show distinctly a person to know him at from 2 to 6 miles. Spectacles of the greatest transparent power to strengthen and improve the sight, without the distressing result of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by enclosing stamp.

SEMMONS, Oculists—Optician,
669½ Broadway, New York.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH BITTERS

HABITUAL CONSTIPATION.—HOW TO EFFECT A CERTAIN AND PERMANENT CURE.—Some occupations of life predispose to costiveness, especially those which allow but little exercise. Persons who contract this unfortunate habit of body, under such circumstances, might possibly be relieved by changing their sedentary employments for others of a more active kind; but this is by no means certain. Habitual constipation is a very obstinate disorder. All the ordinary so-called remedies invariably aggravate it. Nothing can be more injurious than the continued use of strong aperients. They at first irritate, and finally almost paralyze the bowels—rendering them so torpid that enormous doses of cathartic medicines have no effect upon them. A mild aperient, combined with a gentle stimulant, is the true remedy; and a combination in the happiest proportion, of these ingredients, is found in HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. This famous stomachic invigorates the whole intestinal canal, while quietly removing from its convolutions all impediments to a free passage through them. No mere purgative has this double operation. No ordinary stimulant effects the desired object. Cases of constipation, abandoned as hopeless by distinguished medical men, have been cured in a few weeks by the Bitters. To those who have tried all the medicines of the dispensary in vain, we say try this irresistible stimulant and aperient. There is no sufficient reason why constipation should be the consequence of sedentary habits. HOSTETTER'S BITTERS, by supplying the vigor which would otherwise be derived from exercise, will in all cases enable the system to perform its excretory functions regularly and healthily. Few physicians even make proper allowances for the excitement in some cases, and the gloom almost amounting to despair, in others, which are frequently the accompaniments of the diseases of females. The truth is, that ladies affected with these visitations often make heroic efforts to conquer them, and fail for the want of just such a stimulant and corrective as the "Bitters" afford. If the true nature of woman's constitution were better appreciated, it would be seen that no blame attaches to her for these aberrations, but that, on the contrary, they should render her the object of a tender sympathy and a fonder care.

Sold by all Druggists and Family Grocers.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,

PREPARED AND SOLD BY
HOSTETTER & SMITH, PITTSBURGH, PA.
DEPOT FOR NEW YORK, 476 BROADWAY.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Everlasting Pencils, Oriental Burners,* and 13 other articles. 15 circulars sent *free.* SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

AGENTS WANTED.—Call and examine, or 10 samples sent free by mail for 20 cents, that retail for $2, urgently needed by every person, by

R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

Kirk's Charles the Bold.

Will be Published early in Dec.:

HISTORY OF CHARLES THE BOLD,
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
BY JOHN FOSTER KIRK.

Two volumes........8vo........With Portrait.

Mr. John Foster Kirk, whose intimate relations with the late Wm. H. Prescott are well known, has just completed Vols. I. and II. of his History of Charles the Bold, and the Publishers have the pleasure of announcing that this important contribution to our historical literature will be ready for publication early in December.

This remarkable epoch treated by Mr. Kirk is full of grand historical figures, and by his narrative an entirely new light is thrown on some of the most important events in Charles's career. His position as the "Napoleon of the Middle Ages" is fully indicated, and the influence is traced both of the ambition and of his fall upon the destinies of the principal European States.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

"We have no hesitation in assigning to Mr. Kirk's most fascinating narrative a place with the great achievements of genius in the department he has chosen to fill. His advent among the historians will be welcomed the world over."

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Publishers,
715 and 717 Market Street,
Philadelphia.

"RIDE A JACK HORSE," &c. The old nursery rhyme never contemplated that the rider would ever get to "Banbury Cross," but the Patent Cantering Horses will take any child away from being cross at all times. These wonderful self-propelling horses for sale by S. W. SMITH, No. 498 Broadway. Call in with the little folks, and take a ride, or send stamp for illustrated circular.

ALL ARTICLES FOR SOLDIERS

At Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

6000 AGENTS wanted, to sell SIX NEW INVENTIONS—two very recent, and of great value to families; all pay great profits to Agents. Send 4 stamps and get 80 pages particulars. EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York,

Have just published:

HISTORY OF THE SIOUX WAR AND MASSACRES OF 1862 AND 1863. By ISAAC V. D. HEARD. With Portraits and Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

THE BIVOUAC AND THE BATTLE-FIELD; or, Campaign Sketches in Virginia and Maryland. By Captain GEORGE F. NOYES. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

Holiday Presents.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100	Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 00 each.
100	Gold Watches	60 00 each.
200	Ladies' Gold Watches	35 00 each.
500	Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	15 00 each.
3000	Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000	Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000	" " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000	Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
5100	Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 8 00 each.
3000	Watch Keys	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000	Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000	Sets of Bosom Studs	2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000	Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000	Plain Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000	Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000	Lockets	2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000	Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000	Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000	Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

SOLDIERS' COMPANY PINS And Corps Badges.

Constantly on hand and Engraved to Order, and sent free on receipt of Price.

Every Co. From A. to M., solid Silver	$1 00
Solid Silver Letters in Gold Relief	1 50
Solid 18 k. Gold	3 50
Solid Silver Corps Badges (plain)	1 00
" " " " (enameled)	1 50
" Gold " " "	5 00

Cavalry Badges

Terms Cash in advance. Send for a Catalogue. Address C. L. BALCH & CO., 208 Broadway, New York.

Printing-Press for Sale.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38x51. Price $3500.
Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

DR. STERLING'S
AMBROSIA
is a stimulating oily extract of roots, barks, and herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and itching of the head; entirely eradicates dandruff, prevents the hair from falling out or from turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. It is entirely different from all other preparations, and can be relied on.

PRICE $1 00 PER BOX, conaining two bottles. DR. H. H. STERLING, Sole Proprietor, Depot No. 493 Broadway. For sale by all druggists.

DESIRABLE VALUABLE GIFTS!

☞ AUTOMATIC SELF-SEWER for $1. Adapted for all the Sewing-Machines. Guides the work without the hand; Tucks, Hems, Seams, Cords, Binds. Sent anywhere, with printed directions free, on receipt of One Dollar.

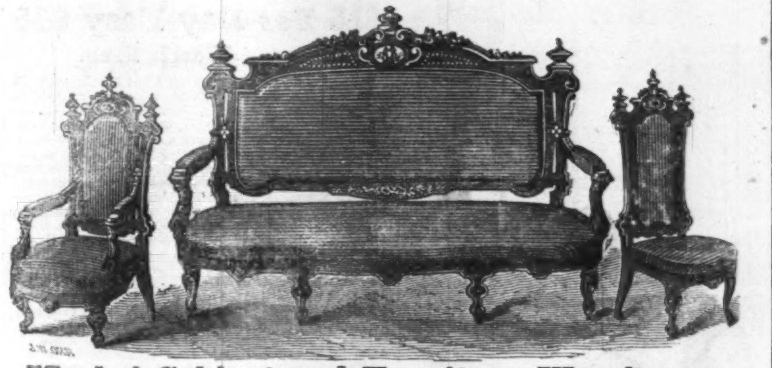
☞ SILVERED WORK, TIDY & NAPKIN HOLDERS	50c.
☞ Silvered Hemmers and Shield	25c.
☞ Needle Books and 150 Bartlett's Needles	75c.
Needle Caskets and 50 " "	25c.
Hemming Guages for Machines	50c.

Address BARTLETT'S NEEDLE AND SEWING Machine Depot, 442 Broadwuy, N. Y.

Opera and Field-Glasses

Of great power, from **$3 50** to **$25**. Spectacles and Eye Glasses. Also HOLIDAY GOODS in *Great Variety*. B. H. HORN, Manufacturing Optician, 212 Broadway, up stairs. Send for circular.

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machines. Address
S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.



Meeks' Cabinet and Furniture Warehouse,

No. 699 BROADWAY, and 333 and 335 Fourth Street.

New and elegant Designs, of superior Workmanship, at reasonable prices, manufactured of the very best well-seasoned and selected material, under the supervision of the firm, whose reputation has been established seventy years. Every description of Furniture manufactured to order and executed promptly.
Goods packed and shipped to all parts of the world.

Cavalry and Artillery Pins in Fine Silver, with Name. Samples sent to Soldiers on receipt of $1 25; also Army Corps Badges for $1 00. Liberal discount made to agents.
E. N. FOOTE & CO., Manufacturers of Jewelry, 208 Broadway, New York.

$200! $150! $100! $50!

PREMIUMS.

To Editors and Others!

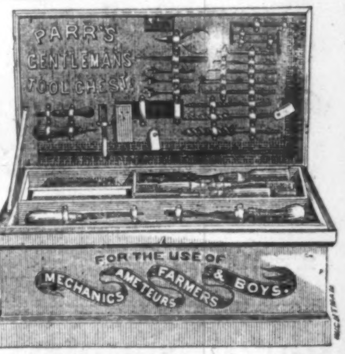
I will pay the above-named amounts for the best four articles on either my *Soap*, *Saleratus*, or *Concentrated Potash*.

The article must state the writer's experience in using the goods, and must be not less than ten lines, and be published in the editorial columns of any good family newspaper.

Any party wishing to compete for the above, and desiring further information, may address the undersigned. Each person writing and publishing a notice as above, will mail a marked copy of the paper containing the notice to me, and also write me by mail, giving full address.

The Premiums will be awarded on the fourth day of July, 1864.

B. T. BABBITT,
64 to 74 Washington Street, New York.

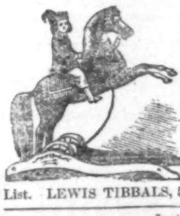


Parr's Tool Chests, fitted with complete sets of Tools, sharpened and set ready for use, and packed in cases for shipping.

Prices from $2 to $35 each, and containing from 8 to 92 Tools, according to size.

Shipped on receipt of price. Send for descriptive circular to the manufacturer.
GEO. PARR, Buffalo, N. Y.

For the Holidays.



PATENT SPRING ROCKING HORSES, Crandall's Patent, gives a healthy exercise. Rides Children of both sexes from 1½ to 12 years of age. Teaches the child to sit erect and expands the chest. Is a certain cure for round shoulders. Also Walking Dolls, Sleighs, Velocipedes, and a general variety of toys. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular and Price List. LEWIS TIBBALS, 512 Broadway, N. Y.

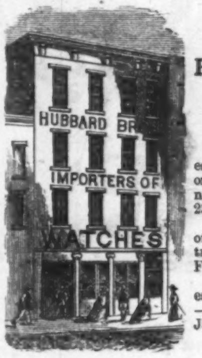
Just what every Family wants. Savage & Co.'s No Chimney Burner for Hand Lamps and Lanterns, burns Kerosene Oil with a brilliant light without chimney, smoke, or odor. Saves 25 per cent. Office 202 Fulton St., N. Y. Agents wanted. Send for circular. Sample sent free for 50 cts. American Institute awarded 1st Premium and Medal, 1863.

EMPLOYMENT

At your own homes. It is the greatest discovery of the age. Profits 100 per cent. Demand staple as Flour. Full particulars sent free, on receipt of *two* stamps.
Address C. MUNRO BROWN, 74 Bleecker St., N. Y.

Elliot's New Repeaters

Are now ready. The most safe, compact, durable, effective, sure, and reliable Revolvers made. Carry large balls (No. 32 cartridge), are rapidly loaded and fired—conveniently carried in the vest—whole length five inches—four barrels—each rifled gain twist. The Trade supplied.
ELLIOT ARMS CO., 404 Broadway, N. Y.



SPLENDID

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

Superbly finished watches, the beauty of which is only equaled by their cheapness. —*N. Y. Weekly*, July 23d.

Particularly valuable for officers in the army, and travelers.—*Frank Leslie's*, Feb. 21.

Prettiest, best and cheapest time-pieces ever offered. —*N. Y. Illustrated News*, Jan. 10.

Magic Time Observers,

The Perfection of Mechanism!
Being a Hunting, or Open Face, or Lady's or Gentleman's Watch combined, with Patent Self-winding Improvement.

A most pleasing novelty. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it and connected with its machinery its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being fine 16 carat gold. It has the improved ruby action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate timepiece. Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, $204. Sample watches in neat morocco boxes, $35. If sent by mail, the postage is 36 cents; registering, 20 cents.

Silver Watches!

First-Class Hunting Time-Pieces.

FOR ACCURACY OF MOVEMENT, BEAUTY OF MATERIAL, AND, ABOVE ALL, CHEAPNESS IN PRICE, THESE WATCHES MUST INSURE

UNIVERSAL APPROBATION!

An imitation so faultless that it can hardly be detected by the most experienced judges. The material being of two metals, the outer one first quality Silver and the inner one German Silver, it can not be recognized by cutting or heavy engraving, making it not only in appearance, but in durability, the best resemblance of **Solid Sterling Silver** in existence.

The sale of these watches in the army is a source of enormous profit, retailing, as they very readily do, at $25 and upward. Many hundred dollars can be made in a single pay-day by any one of ordinary business tact!

AT WHOLESALE ONLY! In *heavy hunting cases, beautifully engraved, white enamel dial*, and *fancy cut hands*, in *good running order*, by the half dozen, $66; postage, $2 38; registering, 20 cts. *Sold only by the case.* Can be safely sent by mail.

☞ TERMS CASH, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. No agents employed; buyers must deal directly with us. If money is sent us by express or mail in a registered letter, it is at our risk! Orders will meet the most prompt and faithful attention.

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,
Broadway, cor. Courtlandt St., New York.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

The Printer's Devil.

This large handsome, and beautifully illustrated literary and miscellaneous family journal will be sent *six months on trial* for twenty-five cents. This gives all an opportunity to secure a really good paper for a small sum. Don't fail to give it a trial. Address "Publisher *Printer's Devil*, 113 Fulton Street, New York." Sold by all Newsdealers.

The Beard, &c.

If over 18, and your Beard, Moustache, &c., is of scanty, retarded growth, the use for a short time of the Tennessee Swamp Shrub Balsam will stimulate them to a very fine and vigorous growth. Has been thoroughly tried and found infallible. A small sample box and an account of the discovery of this remarkable Balsam at Shiloh, April, 1862, will be sent sealed, on receipt of return postage. Address John Rawlins, 767 Broadway, New York.

Do you want to make yourself
☞ **!!!INVISIBLE???** ☜
See the PRINTER'S DEVIL for Dec. 1, at all Newsdealers in the U. S. and Canadas.

SALISBURY, BRO., & CO.,

AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES FOR THE CELEBRATED

ALBERTINE
Extension Holders and Gold Pens,

Of the most handsome and durable construction, put up in new fancy cases of one dozen each, and not sold in any less quantities. They will retail for $3 each.

Price, per dozen	$10 25
Or 3 Dozen for	25 00

Sent by mail or express, prepaid. Address
SALISBURY, BRO. & CO., Providence, R. I.

Salesmen Wanted.

$75 a month, or commission allowed on sales. Apply to HALE & CO., Newburyport, Mass.

DR. B. C. PERRY,

DERMATOLOGIST,

49 Bond Street, New York,

Formerly of 29 Winter Street, Boston, treats successfully all Diseases of the Scalp, Loss of Hair, and Premature Blanching. ALSO, removes Moth Freckles, and other Discolorations from the face, without injury to the texture or color of the skin. Consultations free.
For particulars enclose stamp for Circular.

A Sewing Machine for $5.

—Uses—
COMMON HAND NEEDLE,
—Makes—
Common Hand Stitch.

GATHERS, RUFFLES, SHIRRS, TUCKS, RUNS up Breadths; each Machine is put up in a highly ORNAMENTAL WORK-BOX, with full directions, 25 of BARTLETT'S BURNISHED NEEDLES, and sent anywhere ordered on receipt of Five Dollars, addressed to Care BARTLETT'S NEEDLE AND SEWING MACHINE furnishing Depot, 442 B'dway, N.Y.

12 Machines sent to one address	$42
6 " " "	$24

A Splendid Holiday or Bridal Present.

HARPER'S
Illuminated and Pictorial
BIBLE.

Including the Apocrypha. Superbly embellished by over Sixteen Hundred Illustrations, exquisitely engraved by Adams after Designs by Chapman, exclusive of a Series of Rich Illuminations in Colors, comprising Frontispieces, Presentation Plate, Family Record, Title-pages, &c. The whole forming a sumptuous Folio Volume.

PRICES.—Morocco, gilt edges, beveled and paneled sides, $25 00; Morocco extra, gilt edges, $22 50; Full Calf, marbled edges, blank stamped, $18 00; Full Roan, marbled edges, $16 00.

Harper's Pictorial Bible is printed from the standard copy of the American Bible Society, and contains Marginal References, the Apocrypha, a Concordance, Chronological Table, List of Proper Names, General Index, Table of Weights, Measures, &c. The large Frontispieces, Titles to the Old and New Testaments, Family Record, Presentation Plate, Historical Illustrations, and Initial Letters to the chapters, Ornamental Borders, &c., are from original designs, made expressly for this edition, by J. G. Chapman, Esq., of New York. In addition to which, there are numerous large Engravings, from designs by distinguished modern artists in France and England; to which a full Index is given.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York.

For sale by A. WILLIAMS & Co., Boston; SMITH, ENGLISH & Co., Philadelphia; CUSHINGS & BAILEY, Baltimore; FRANCK TAYLOR, Washington; ROBERT CLARKE & Co., Cincinnati; KEITH & WOODS, St. Louis; S. C. GRIGGS & Co., Chicago; DAWSON & BROTHERS, Montreal.

Beautiful Gift-Books FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

LOSSING'S FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION. Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution; or, Illustrations by Pen and Pencil of the History, Biography, Scenery, Relics, and Traditions of the War for Independence. By BENSON J. LOSSING. Over 1000 Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo, Cloth, $10 00; Sheep, $11 25; Half Calf, $12 50; Morocco, gilt edges, $18 00.

THE LAND AND THE BOOK; or, Biblical Illustrations drawn from the Manners and Customs, the Scenes and the Scenery of the Holy Land. By W. M. THOMSON, D.D., Twenty-five Years a Missionary of the A.B.C.F.M. in Syria and Palestine. With Two elaborate Maps of Palestine, an accurate Plan of Jerusalem, and *several Hundred Engravings*, representing the Scenery, Topography, and Productions of the Holy Land, and the Costumes, Manners, and Habits of the People. Two elegant Large 12mo Volumes, Cloth, $4 00; Half Calf, $6 00; Half Morocco, $6 50.

MR. WIND AND MADAM RAIN. By PAUL DE MUSSET. Translated, with Permission of the Author, by EMILY MAKEPEACE. Beautifully Illustrated by CHARLES BENNETT. Square 4to, Cloth.

CHILDREN'S PICTURE-BOOKS. Square 4to, about 300 pages each, beautifully printed on tinted paper, embellished with many Engravings, bound in Cloth gilt, $1 00 a volume; or, the Series complete in neat case, $5 00.

THE CHILDREN'S BIBLE PICTURE-BOOK. Illustrated by Eighty Engravings, from Designs by Steinle, Overbeck, Veit, Schnorr, &c.

THE CHILDREN'S PICTURE FABLE-BOOK. Containing One Hundred and Sixty Fables. With Sixty Illustrations by Harrison Weir.

THE CHILDREN'S PICTURE-BOOK OF BIRDS. Illustrated with Sixty-One Engravings by W. Harvey.

THE CHILDREN'S PICTURE-BOOK OF QUADRUPEDS, and other Mammalia. Illustrated with Sixty-One Engravings by W. Harvey.

THE CHILDREN'S PICTURE-BOOK OF THE SAGACITY OF ANIMALS. Illustrated with Sixty Engravings by Harrison Weir.

THE POETS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Selected and Edited by the Rev. ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT. With English and American Additions, arranged by EVERT A. DUYCKINCK, Editor of "Cyclopædia of American Literature." Illustrated with 132 Engravings drawn by American and English Artists, including Birket Foster, W. Harvey, Harrison Weir, J. E. Millais, D. Maclise, W. Mulready, C. Stanfield, J. Gilbert, F. R. Pickersgill, J. Tenniel, T. Dalziel, J. H. Hill, J. W. Casilear, F. O. C. Darley, and others. In elegant small 4to form, printed on Superfine Tinted Paper, richly bound in extra Cloth beveled, gilt edges, $4 00; Full Turkey Morocco, $6 50.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK,

☞ *Sent by mail, postage-free, on receipt of price.*

Commencement of the Twenty-Eighth Volume.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

For December, 1863.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00

An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation over 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
One Copy for Two Years	5 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25.

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—*Seventy-five Cents* per line for inside, and *One Dollar* per line for outside Advertisements.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.